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JUNE 2010 · VOLUME 41, NUMBER 3

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSÉ AZEL / AURORA

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PHOTOGRAPH BY NICK GREGORY / ALAMY

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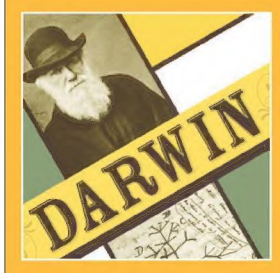

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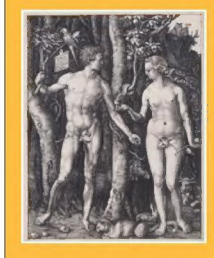

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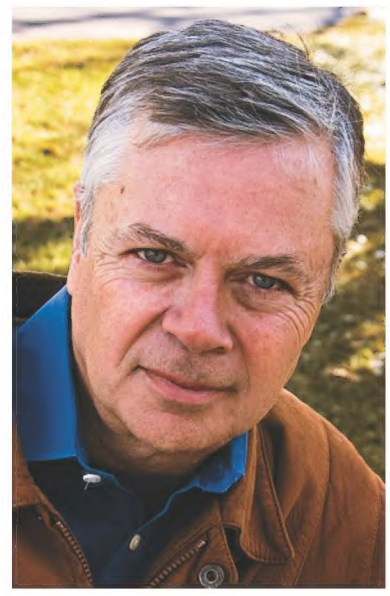
FROM THE EDITOR

Homes Away

Another side of Kurds and Romans

BY CAREY WINFREY



Kinzer: Discovering "warmth, friendship and tremendous hope."

FROM 1996 TO 2000 Stephen Kinzer was the first Istanbul bureau chief for the *New York Times*. He delves into Turkey's complexity in his seventh book, *Reset: Iran, Turkey, and America's Future*, due out this month. "Like everybody who lives in Turkey, I became fascinated with that country," he says, explaining his desire to profile Turkey's Kurds ("Heritage Reclaimed," p. 30). But he didn't want to focus on the political or military conflict. "What I wanted to do was look at the Kurds' underlying culture in Turkey, how it has survived and how it is being reborn in a new generation." In the process he discovered an aspect that had eluded him as a war correspondent: the Kurds' "openness, unlimited hospitality, warmth, friendship and tremendous hope." Kinzer's favorite quotation in the article captures that feeling: "We know how to die," a Kurdish nomad told him, "but we also know how to live."

"A THEME THAT CONSTANTLY COMES UP as you learn more about Roman societies," says Paul Bennett, "is how modern they seem to us. You go to Hadrian's villa, and it feels like Camp David. The same impulses are there: to get out of the city, to imprint your view of the world on the landscape. That's fascinating to me." Bennett, who lived in Rome for five years, wrote our cover story about the rural retreats of Rome's emperors ("Home Away From Rome," p. 40). He is especially interested in how a concept—beauty, or progress—is transmitted through different time periods. "With this story I was interested in how the ancients lived and how current scholarship is connecting different pieces of that story together in new ways. Usually you think of history as *those people*—totally disconnected from us today, totally pre-modern—who exist on a shelf somewhere under dust. And yet there are things that do connect to us, and none more so than the ancient Romans."

NEXT MONTH WE CELEBRATE our 40th anniversary with a special combined July-August issue. Its theme? "40 Things You Need to Know About the Next 40 Years." We're proud of it.

DEBORAH DONNELLEY

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LETTERS READERS RESPOND TO THE **APRIL** ISSUE

One day steak lovers like me may get the same respect afforded wine connoisseurs, when we can discuss the history, or should I say heritage, of the creatures we eat ["The Best Bull Ever?"]. Menus will include names of the bovine's daddy, mama, siblings and perhaps a few cousins. **LUCY DUKE**, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

BAD BREEDING

I FOUND "The Best Bull Ever?" to be a perfect description of how perverse the American system of beef production has become. With cows wearing progesterone vaginal plugs and being "overstimulated," most likely with more hormones, to produce 25 embryos a year, I (and some health experts) wonder if that's why American girls are reaching puberty at younger ages and may be at increased risk for hormone-dependent cancers in the future. The irony is that the best bull ever represents not a sentient animal, but the ultimate in marbled meat—muscle laden with saturated fat that may lead to obesity, heart disease, diabetes and a shortened life span. The perversion is that this cowboy makes money from disregarding animals' lives to make a product that is unhealthy for the people who consume them.

MARY BARRETT
PALMER, ALASKA

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

AS AN ATTORNEY, I think "Unusual Suspect," by Jenny Woolf, did a good job of documenting the modern-day habit of judging or casting spurious allegations based on hearsay and innuendoes. I agree that the photographs taken by Charles Dodgson, a.k.a. Lewis Carroll, were in vogue in the Victorian society of his day and did not condemn him. All the "suspicions" about his behavior arose several decades after his demise, coming from pseudo-scholars looking to make a name or a quick profit. Dodgson, unfortunately, cannot defend himself, and to smear his reputation in such a manner is unpardonable.

JASON LEVI
NORTHRIDGE, CALIFORNIA

NASA SEAMSTRESS

GENE KRANZ INDEED became a symbol of success at NASA ["Dressed for Success"], thanks in part to his wife, Marta, who created the signature vest he wore at Mission Control, notably during the troubled Apollo 13 flight. The photographs of Mr. Kranz and actor Ed Harris, who played him in the movie *Apollo 13*, were welcome, but since the article was about Marta Kranz's contribution to American history, why was there no picture of her?

Marta Kranz, 2009

STEPHEN AND PATRICIA KLEIN
FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK

Good question. See our answer above.—Ed.

UNSUNG GENIUS

AMANDA BENSEN raises interesting questions about the origins of color photography ["Hue and Cries"]. She reports that the 19th-century pioneering photographer Levi Hill never got the patent he sought for color processing and that he turned his back on photography after the death of his wife and research partner, Emmeline. I suspect that Mrs. Hill may have been the real brains, and that there was no way Levi Hill could duplicate her work after she died.

JOHN CORNELL
MONROE, NEW YORK

JEFFERSON'S MAMMOTH

WE READ "All-American Monsters," by Richard Conniff, with great interest here at Thomas Jefferson School of Law in San Diego. In early 2009, construction crews unearthed the skull, tusk and other bones of a 300,000-year-old Columbian mammoth on the site of our new downtown campus. It was a very significant find for our region. Lewis and Clark did not find any living mammoths, as Jefferson had hoped they would when he sent them on their expedition, but we think Jefferson would be proud to have mammoth fossils discovered at the law school named in his honor.

RUDY HASL
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Hasl is dean of the law school.—Ed.

Please send letters to **LettersEd@si.edu** or to **Letters, Smithsonian, MRC 513, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.** Include a telephone number and address. Letters may be edited for clarity or space. Because of the high volume of mail we receive, we cannot respond to all letters. Send queries about the Smithsonian Institution to info@si.edu or to VIARC, Public Inquiry Mail Service, P.O. Box 37012, Washington, D.C. 20013.

GENE KRANZ

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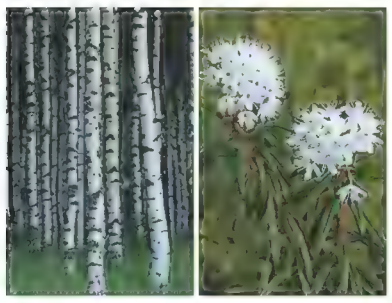
WILD THINGS

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT

BY AMANDA BENSEN,
T.A. FRAIL, ERICA R. HENDRY,
ABIGAIL TUCKER AND SARAH ZIELINSKI

NAME: The purple-throated carib (*Eulampis jugularis*), a Caribbean hummingbird that feeds on the nectar of Heliconia flowers
FIGHTERS? Males defend unusually large territories.
LOVERS? Their territories include a Heliconia species whose nectar only female *E. jugularis* (right) can reach with their long, curved beaks. Males gain an advantage in mating by allowing females to feed on the flowers.
FARMERS? It's the first time researchers have documented male birds guarding a food only females eat. Study authors W. John Kress of Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History and Ethan Temeles of Amherst College call it "nectar farming."



OFF!

Birch trees borrow bug repellent. Rhododendrons (above right) emit airborne compounds that keep away weevils, moths and aphids. Scientists in Finland found that nearby silver birches (above left) absorbed repellent in their leaves, later released it—and suffered less pest damage than other birches. It's the first time such interactions have been seen in a forest.

SLEEK STRIPES

Why are so many sea snakes striped? University of Sydney scientists say solid black sea snakes may be at a disadvantage: they are coated with more algae, which slows them down. In underwater lab tests algae bloomed faster on all-dark surfaces, the scientists found; such fuzz causes so much drag it reduces the serpents' speed by about 20 percent. No wonder black, algae-covered snakes are more often found skulking in coral hideaways than out-and-about striped snakes.

HOW TO GET A BIGGER BRAIN

A *Megalopta genalis* bee queen can be either solitary (building a nest and foraging on her own) or social (being served by a worker bee). Scientists at the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute in Panama found that in social queens, the brain region for memory and learning is larger than in solitary ones. The bottom line: managing workers may be more intellectually demanding than going it alone.

BITTER LESSONS

Northern quolls, cat-size Australian marsupials, are driving themselves to extinction by eating toxic cane toads invading their territory. But researchers down under have taught some quolls to save themselves. They applied a nauseating chemical to cane toads too small to be lethal, and then fed those amphibians to quolls, much to the quolls' disgust. When released into the wild, those quolls survived up to five times longer than untrained animals. The researchers envision deploying batches of chemically treated cane toads to teach quolls the bitter truth.

Watch a northern quoll at Smithsonian.com/WildThings

ETHAN TEMELES; WERNER BOLLMANN / AGE FOTOSTOCK / PHOTOLIBRARY; WILDLIFE / PETER ARNOLD INC.; J JUE / FLICKR.COM; ADAM SMITH, SI; JEAN-PAUL FERRERO

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A Beat Family Album

Poet Allen Ginsberg's photographs reveal an American counterculture at work and play **BY MARK FEENEY**

THE TWO MEN pose for the camera at right angles to each other. They're in a room in Tangier in 1961. Nothing in the picture indicates place or time, though, and neither really matters to understanding the image. Clearly, it's about *who* rather than *where* or *when*. You don't have to know that the subjects are the Beat poets Allen Ginsberg, in back, and Gregory Corso, in front, to realize this is the case. The photograph is all about the two individuals in it, both separately (each man has a striking appearance) and together. In fact, what most comes across is a sense of conjunction: "Siamese poetry twins," as Ginsberg writes in his caption. True, a right angle, being square, isn't exactly Beat geometry; but that very squareness

Ginsberg (facing the camera) believed that both poetry and photography could reveal "the luminousness of the ordinary event."

Gregory Corso and myself double-portrait Siamese poetry twins, my whitewashed-walled room in Tangier, 1961. Peter Orlovsky held camera?
Allen Ginsberg

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Jack Kerouac wandering along East 7th Street after visiting Burroughs at our pad, passing statue of Congressman Samuel "Sunset" Cox, "The letter-carrier's Friend" in Tompkins Square Toward Corner of Avenue A, Lower East Side; he's making a Dostoyevsky mad-face or Russian basso be-bop Om, just walking around the neighborhood, then involved with The Subterraneans, pencils & notebook in wool shirt-pockets, Fall 1953, Manhattan.
Allen Ginsberg

Ginsberg said his pictures "all had a story to tell" and added captions to help. He described the circumstances in which Jack Kerouac (above) was "making a Dostoyevsky mad-face or Russian basso be-bop Om" while strolling downtown Manhattan.

makes the angle all the more solidly joined.

The photograph, which was likely taken by Ginsberg's longtime lover, Peter Orlovsky, is one of some six dozen that make up "Beat Memories: The Photographs of Allen Ginsberg," which will be at the National Gallery of Art through September 6. Ginsberg started taking photographs as a young man, in the 1940s, and kept doing so through 1963, when his camera was left behind on a trip to India. The result was a kind of Beat family photo album: informal, affectionate, full of personality—and personalities. We see, among others, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Neal Cassady and Orlovsky. Ginsberg liked to say he was "fooling around" with the camera (whether behind or before it). These were pictures, he felt, "meant more for a public in heaven than one here on earth—and that's why they're charming." As befits such casually taken images, Ginsberg would have them developed at his corner drugstore.

"Every writer since the invention of the Kodak has probably made snapshots," says Sarah Greenough, senior curator of photographs at the National Gallery, who organized "Beat Memories." Yet very few have amassed a notable body of photographic work. Ginsberg thus joins Lewis Carroll, George Bernard Shaw, Eudora Welty and Wright Morris (who's probably better known today for his photographs than for his novels).

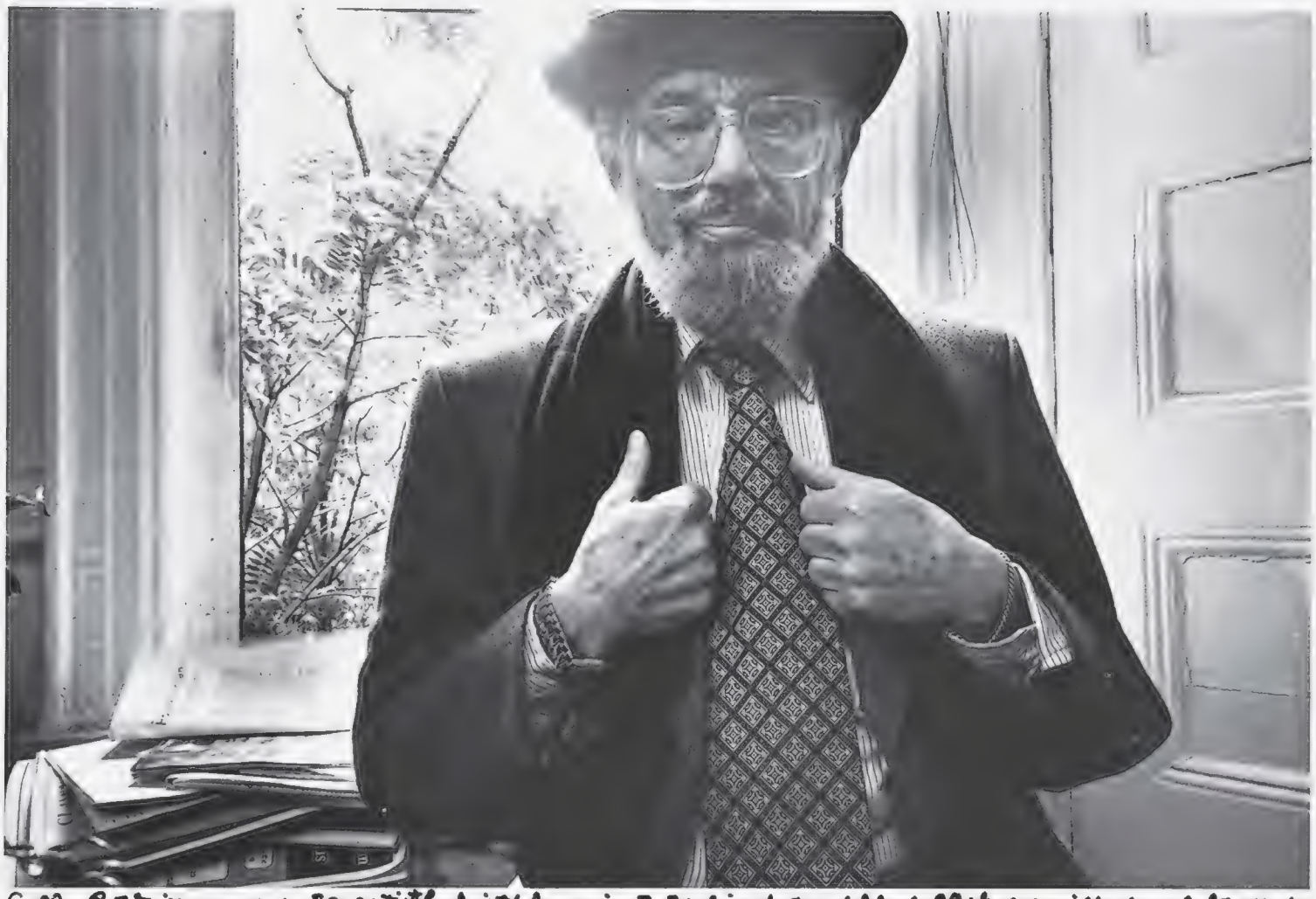
Ginsberg resumed taking pictures, more seriously, in the early 1980s. He was inspired by the example of an old friend, the photographer Robert Frank, and a new one, the photographer Berenice Abbott. "What's interesting about Ginsberg is he makes a lot of pictures from 1953 to 1963," says Greenough. "Then it's only beginning in the early 1980s that he rediscovers them. By then he's already established himself as one of the most important writers of the 20th century. He can then, if you will, afford to turn his attention to photography. I think photography came at the right moment in Ginsberg's career."

Ginsberg began using better cameras and having his photographs printed professionally. "I had been taking pictures all along," he told an interviewer in 1991, "but I hadn't thought of myself as a photographer." The most noticeable difference was a simple yet distinctive way he found to marry image and text. He began writing captions, sometimes quite lengthy, on each

MARK FEENEY, *who covers the arts and photography for the* Boston Globe, *won the 2008 Pulitzer Prize for criticism.*

PP. 12&13 THE ALLEN GINSBERG TRUST. USED WITH PERMISSION OF THE WYLIE AGENCY LLC (3)

See more images of the Beats at Smithsonian.com/ginsberg


Self-Portrait on my Seventieth birthday in Borsalino hat and black Cashmere-silk scarf from Milan & Dublin Thornproof-Tweed Suit, Oleg Cassini tie from Goodwill shirt same source, kitchen window mid-day, I stayed home & worked on Selected Poems 1947-95 proofs after returning from Walker Art Center Reading-Beat exhibition weekend. Monday June 3, 1996, N.Y.
Allen Ginsberg

"Notice what you notice," Ginsberg told an audience in 1988. He adorned a 70th-birthday self-portrait (above) with sartorial notes. His caption on a 1995 portrait of Corso (below) refers to the "messenger-god Hermes Caduceus"—the pin—"near his pen."

print. He extended the practice to earlier photographs, too. His images, Ginsberg felt, "all had a story to tell, especially the old ones," and his captioning was a way of acknowledging that. Ginsberg's printers had to start making his images smaller to leave room for the words he was writing beneath them—not so much captions, really, as brief excerpts from a running memoir.

Ginsberg spoke of his photographs as his "celestial snapshots." He could as easily have been referring to artistic stardom as the heavens. In addition to shooting fellow Beats, Ginsberg photographed Robert Frank, Bob Dylan, the painter Francesco Clemente and the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. The biggest star of all was Ginsberg himself. Not an especially handsome man, he nonetheless had an attractiveness the camera responded to. Frank considered a Richard Avedon nude portrait of Ginsberg and Orlovsky the best photograph the celebrated portraitist and fashion photographer ever took.

Gregory Corso, Maestro Poet, ancient herald's wand pin, messenger-god Hermes Caduceus near his pen, a great afternoon in "the Kettle of Fish," an old beer-in-brown-wood saloon where origin & Jerome used to drink. Gregory called me to join him, we spent a few hours talking till supper time, I read he took color home to Horatio Street, March 13, 1995. I showed him poems by 19 year-old new poet, he liked them too.
Allen Ginsberg

You can see in the double portrait with Corso how photogenic Ginsberg was (strange that he should look a bit like Arthur Miller in it). You can also see from the way he appraises the camera that this is someone already very much aware of the lens and what it can do. The camera's partiality to Ginsberg is no less apparent in the self-portrait he took 35 years later on his 70th birthday. It's evident how well he's weathered the blunt passage of time (not something that can be said of Corso in Ginsberg's 1995 portrait). The intensity of the gaze, the nest-like invitingness of the beard, the air of sage authority: Ginsberg has the look of a rather sexy, and very dapper, rabbi. How dandyish of him to note the provenance of his clothes. Have "Goodwill" and "Oleg Cassini" ever otherwise figured in the same sentence?

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JURASSIC CURATORS

I've always wondered what kind of conclusion might be drawn by future (perhaps nonhuman) paleontologists who unearth the remains of a museum and find skeletons of dinosaurs gathered there. Perhaps the dinosaurs lived in these buildings, or worked there? Finding that they crewed seagoing vessels will confuse matters even more.

—Harold Jenkins, of Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, on "The Dinosaur Casualties of World War I," the Dinosaur Tracking blog, **Smithsonian.com/jurassic**

PHOTO CONTEST
EDITORS' PICK

"This is a girl in a remote village with her working tools. She is bringing water to her family. I decided to take the picture because of the shyness in her eyes."

—Fakrul Islam, of Sylhet, Bangladesh, on his 2008 photograph

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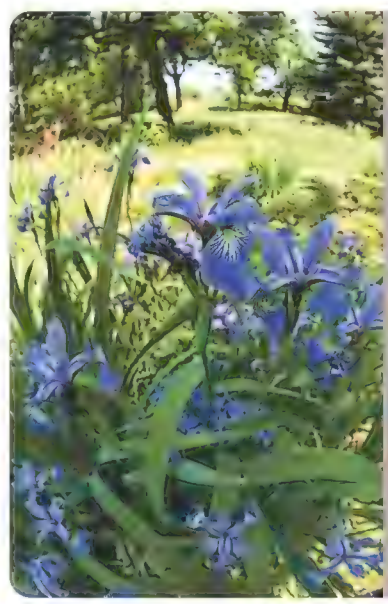

FOUNDING GARDENERS

The early botanists of this country were more fascinating than people realize. They were as intrepid as any explorers in discovering, mapping and understanding the backcountry of America.

—Frances Hunter, of Austin, Texas, on "The Story of Bartram's Garden" (left: naturalist John Bartram's home in Pennsylvania)

Smithsonian.com/bartram

YOUR KIND OF TOWN

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA
BY BILL SHEAR

HOME TO ABOUT 7,000 PEOPLE, Farmville is the quintessential American small town. We're in the Piedmont, almost midway between Richmond and Lynchburg. The hub of a five-county area, the shopping district centers around the famous Green Front Furniture store, which occupies old tobacco warehouses. There's state-supported Longwood University, and south of town Hampden-Sydney College, a private liberal arts college founded in 1775, some 20 years before Farmville came into existence as a port on the Appomattox River. History is ever present. One of the last pitched battles of the Civil War was fought at nearby Sailor's Creek, now one of two state parks commemorating the conflict.

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PHOTO CONTEST

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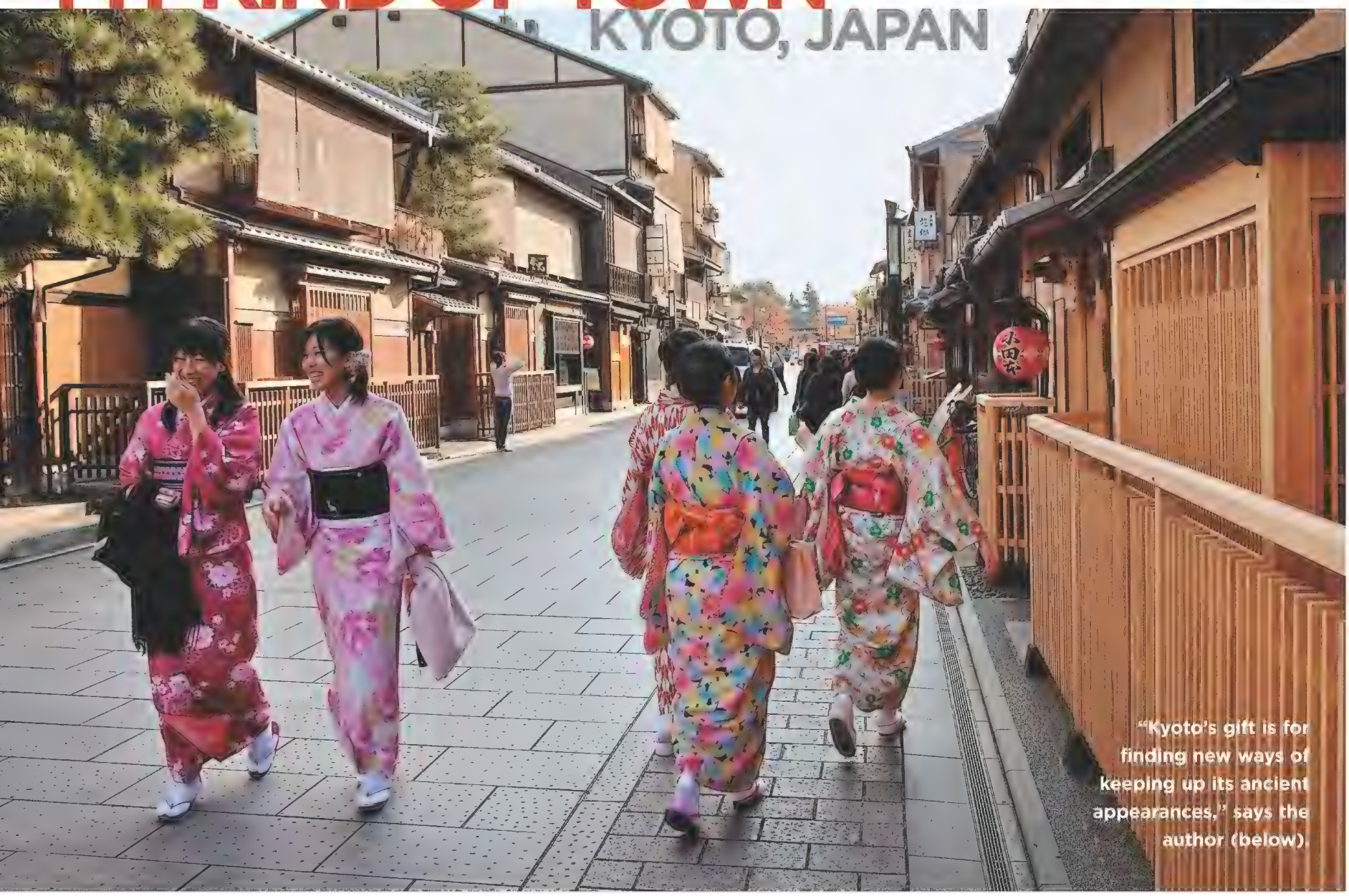
MY KIND OF TOWN

KYOTO, JAPAN



"Kyoto's gift is for finding new ways of keeping up its ancient appearances," says the author (below).

Forever Foreign

Though he had lived in and around Kyoto for two decades, the author remains both fascinated and puzzled by the ancient Japanese city

BY PICO IYER PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS SAUTTER

IT WAS A LITTLE MORE THAN 25 years ago that I first walked the streets of Gion, the centuries-old geisha district of Kyoto. I was jet-lagged—just off the plane from California on my way to India—and everything seemed alien: the signs were in four separate alphabets, people read books from right to left (and back to front) and most, I heard, took baths at night. Yet something got through to me as I walked the streets under the shadow of the ancient capital's eastern hills, saw pairs of slippers neatly lined up at restaurant entrances and heard, through an upstairs window, the bare, plaintive sound of a plucked koto. So much in this historic Japanese city stirred the imagination: Nijo Castle with its squeaking floorboards—to warn shoguns of intruders; the thousands of red torii gates at Fushimi Inari Shrine that led up a wooded hillside of stone foxes and graves.

Residents inevitably see things differently than visitors. But nowhere are the perceptions more disparate than in Japan. After 22 years of living here, I'm still known as a *gaijin* (outsider or foreigner) and generally feel as if I'm stumbling through the city's exquisite surfaces like a bull in an Imari china shop. But as I walk down the narrow, lanterned lanes today, the city has an even richer and more intimate power than when I first wandered them as a dazzled sightseer.

I now know that the little wooden buildings that first looked so rich in mystery are geisha houses, or boardinghouses for mistresses of the

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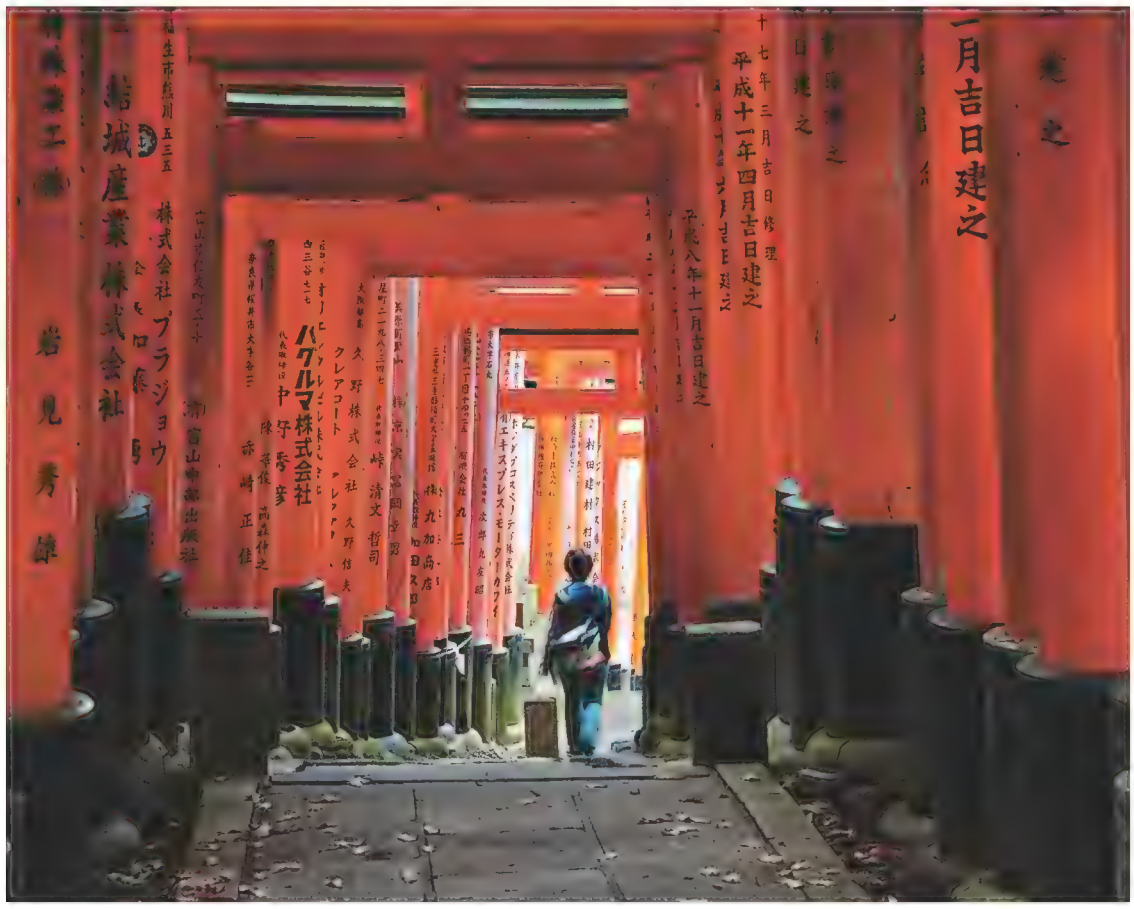
I generally feel as if I'm stumbling through the city's exquisite surfaces like a bull in an Imari china shop.



"So much in this historic Japanese city"—torii gates at Fushimi Inari Shrine—"stirred the imagination," writes the author about his first days walking Kyoto's streets.

classical arts, designated by black vertical plaques at their entrances; the blond wood signs above them denote the names of *maiko* (apprentice geishas) who live inside. The latticed windows on these and nearby houses allow a kind of espionage—residents can see out without being seen—and the narrow entrances to large homes were designed to thwart the tax collector, whose rates were once based on a house's width at the street. The white herons perched on the central river's concrete embankments were not even here when my Kyoto-born wife (whom I met in a temple my first month in the city) was young. "They've come back because the river has been cleaned up," she tells me. The very name of the waterway, Kamogawa, so mellifluous and elegant, I now know means "Duck River," bringing the woozy romance down to earth.

IF YOU TURN TO any guidebook, you will see that Kyoto, which is surrounded on three sides by hills, became Japan's capital in 794. It remained so until the Meiji government shifted the capital to Tokyo in 1868. For more than a millennium, therefore, almost everything we associate with classical Japanese culture—kimonos, tea ceremonies, Zen temples and, yes, geisha—came to its fullest flowering and refinement in Kyoto. It's as if the historical attractions of Colonial Williamsburg, Boston and Washington, D.C. were combined in a single city; this is where scores of emperors, as well as courtesans, samurai and haiku-writing priests, made their homes.

To this day, roughly 50 million pilgrims come every year to Kyoto to pay homage to what one might think of as a citywide shrine to Japaneseness. The "City of Peace and Tranquility," home to some 2,000 Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, boasts 17 Unesco World Heritage sites and three imperial palaces. But living here, you learn that the bustling modern city of 1.4 million people was also, at the turn of the last century, the site of Japan's first streetcars, first water-power station and first film projection. (By the 1930s, its movie studios were producing more than 500 films a year.) Indeed, Kyoto has managed not only to preserve old grace notes but also continually to generate new ones. That revolutionary videogame system Wii, which arrived a few years ago to trump Sony and Microsoft? It's from Nintendo, the Kyoto-based company known for its playing cards more than a century ago. Kumi Koda, the blond, micro-skirted pop idol once known as the Britney Spears of Japan? She's from Kyoto too. As is Japan's leading novelist, Haruki Murakami, renowned for his tales of drift and his references to Western music and pop culture. Part of his most famous novel, *Norwegian Wood*, is set in the mountains near the city.

WHEN I DECIDED to move to Kyoto in 1987, three years after my initial trip—leaving behind a job in Midtown Manhattan writing about world affairs for *Time* magazine—I found a little temple on a tiny lane near the Gion geisha district, and, wanting to learn about simplicity and silence, resolved to live there for a year. Settling into a bare cell, I quickly learned that temples are big business (especially in Kyoto), as full of hierarchy and ritual as any Japanese company, requiring a lot of hard work and upkeep—not just dreamy contemplation. I soon moved to a little guesthouse near the Buddhist temples of Nanzenji and Eikando in the northeastern part of town and resumed my Japanese education by observing how passionately my neighbors followed the Hanshin Tigers baseball team, marked the harvest moon by devouring "moon-viewing burgers" at McDonald's and, in spring, celebrated the season by smoking cigarettes with cherry blossoms on the packages. It was not a temple's charms I'd been seeking, I quickly realized, but Japan itself—and to this day I spend every autumn and spring here.

As the years have gone by, Kyoto, like any lifelong partner, has changed—from bewitching mystery to a beguiling fascination that I can never hope entirely to understand. Still, I have managed to slip past a few of the veils that keep the city so seductive; I now mark the end of summer by the smell of sweet olive trees in late September and can tell the time of day from the light coming through my gray curtains. I know to go to the seventh floor of the BAL department store for the latest John le Carré novel and to savor chai at Didis, a little Nepali café just north of Kyoto University. My own memories are superimposed over the official map of the city: this is where I saw the topknotted sumo wrestler on his way to a nightclub, and here is the art-house cinema (near an eighth-century pagoda) where I caught Martin Scorsese's movie about Bob Dylan.

Among a thousand other things, Kyoto is a university town, which means that its ancient streets remain forever young; many bustle with things I'd never have noticed (or wanted to see) as a visitor—surfers' restaurants offering "Spam Loco Moco," "live houses" for punk rock bands, shops selling Ganeshas or Balinese sarongs. "I could never live in Kyoto," an old Nagasaki friend told me recently. "It's too full of its own traditions, its own customs. But if I were talking to a young person, I'd tell her to go to university in Kyoto. It's funkier, fresher and more fun than Tokyo."

"I'd tell a [young person] to go to university in Kyoto. It's funkier, fresher and more fun than Tokyo."

"A truly sophisticated courtesan (which is how I think of Kyoto) keeps changing in order to remain ahead of the times," says Iyer (background: Rokkakudo Temple).

Indeed, in seeking out the old, as I did when I first came here, I would have never guessed that Kyoto's real gift is for finding new ways of keeping up its ancient appearances. It's constantly maintaining its traditional character, even in the midst of the fluorescent pinball arcades, fashion emporia and minimalist bars that turn parts of it into a 23rd-century futuristic outpost. More and more wooden buildings in the center of town (once bulldozed to make way for high-rises) are reopening their doors as chic Italian restaurants or design studios; temples have begun pulling back their gates after dark for "light-up" shows, displays of illuminated grounds that at once accentuate their shoji screens and bamboo forests and smuggle a touch of Las Vegas into centuries-old rock gardens. Platinum blond Japanese teenagers now pay $100 or more to get made up as apprentice geisha, with the result that there are ever more whitened faces clacking through the old streets on wooden sandals; "tradition" is in such demand that more and more weathered-looking teahouses are opening up along the hills. It took me a long while to realize that a truly sophisticated courtesan (which is how I think of Kyoto) keeps changing in order to remain ahead of the times.

Not long ago, I visited, for the first time, a gleaming, 11-story glass tower in the center of Kyoto—home to the classic Ikenobo flower arrangement school. I browsed among the baskets and special scissors and spiked holders in the Ikenobo store, then, exiting the building through a different door than the one I entered, found myself in a serene little courtyard around a hexagonal wooden temple. Thirty-five elderly pilgrims dressed all in white were chanting outside the temple's entrance. The smell of incense sharpened the air. In a nearby pond, two swans spread their wings.

Through a little doorway in the square, I found—to my amazement—a Starbucks counter. Single chairs had been set out in a straight line so that latte drinkers, instead of chatting, could just look out upon the temple. Soft piano music turned the area even more distinctly into a meditation zone. The English Breakfast tea I bought there tasted just the same as if I'd bought it at Los Angeles International Airport. But drinking it in that tranquil setting told me that I was in a very different country now, and one that I could almost call my own.

PICO IYER's *most recent book is* The Open Road, *about the Dalai Lama.*

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

JUNE ANNIVERSARIES
MOMENTOUS OR MERELY MEMORABLE

BY ALISON McLEAN

60 YEARS AGO
THE GREAT DIVIDE

Troops from Soviet-backed North Korea storm across the 38th parallel and invade South Korea, June 25, 1950. Hoping, he says later, to avoid World War III, President Harry Truman orders U.S. forces to lead a United Nations' defense of South Korea. The three-year war leaves more than 2.5 million dead and the two Koreas divided—as they remain—at the 38th parallel.

100 YEARS AGO
OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Jacques-Yves Cousteau is born in Saint-André-de-Cubzac, France, on June 11, 1910. When a car accident ends his dream of becoming a navy pilot, Cousteau heads underwater, adapting an automobile gas regulator in 1942 to invent (with Emile Gagnan) the Aqua-Lung—the first commercially successful scuba gear. His more than 110 subsequent underwater films and television programs promote a new awareness of ocean ecology by bringing millions of viewers along as he explores—often aboard the refitted minesweeper *Calypso*—the 70 percent of the world covered by water. "We must save the oceans if we want to save mankind," writes Cousteau, who dies in 1997, age 87.

110 YEARS AGO SOBBY BOXERS

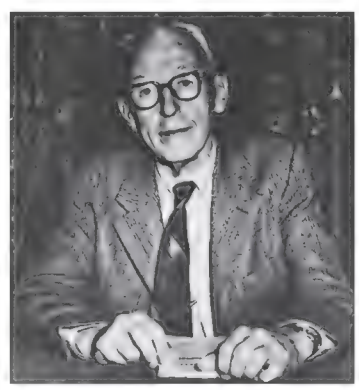
Angered by increasing foreign and Christian influences in China, anti-imperialist insurgents known as the "Righteous and Harmonious Fists"—dubbed Boxers by the foreign press for their beliefs that exercise rituals could protect them from bullets—lay siege in June 1900 to the foreign diplomats' quarters in Beijing. Supported by Qing Empress Dowager Cixi, who orders all foreigners killed, the 55-day siege is finally ended by an eight-country international force. The defeat of the Boxer Rebellion weakens Qing power, which ends with revolution in 1911.

140 YEARS AGO WALKING THE WALK

Atlantic City, New Jersey, opens the nation's first beach boardwalk, June 26, 1870. The mile-long promenade is proposed by hotelier Jacob Keim and railroad conductor Alexander Boardman to keep tourists, drawn to the town by developers' promises of healthful air, from tracking sand into hotels and trains. Extended over time to its current length of more than four miles, the boardwalk becomes famous for saltwater taffy, bathing beauties—Miss America contestants first pose here in 1921—casinos and, after 1935, being *primo* Monopoly property.

75 YEARS AGO THE COURAGE TO CHANGE

On a trip to Akron, Ohio, in 1935, Bill Wilson (below: in 1970), a recovering alcoholic, seeks out fellow drinker Dr. Bob Smith, hoping to lead Smith out of drunkenness and bolster his own sobriety. On June 10, Smith stops drinking, and Alcoholics Anonymous is born. The two men build AA on the idea of alcoholics aiding one another, using a 12-step protocol that Wilson enumerates in 1938. By 2010, AA has two million members and is the model for many groups facing addictions. Wilson dies in 1971, age 75.



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Around the Mall

SCENES AND SIGHTINGS FROM THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS AND BEYOND

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What's Up p. 29

FENCING CLUB

HOW EUROPEAN ARTISTS AND A GROUP OF CALIFORNIA RANCHERS TEAMED UP IN 1973 TO PRODUCE A SEMINAL WORK OF ART

PAGE 25

Mary Ann Bruhn, holding a jacket made of fabric from the 1976 installation *Running Fence*. "It was magnificent," she recalls.

Far Sighted

BY G. WAYNE CLOUGH

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE OF THE COSMOS increased dramatically in the 20th century as large ground-based telescopes and orbiting observatories such as Hubble allowed us to see far beyond our galaxy. In the current century, investigations of dark energy, dark matter and other astronomical mysteries promise even greater understanding.

Smithsonian astrophysicist Harvey Tananbaum, a pioneer in X-ray astronomy, is the director of the Chandra X-Ray Center at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory (SAO) in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Over the past 30 years, NASA funding has enabled SAO to build a high-resolution camera, play a leading role in overseeing the design and construction of the unique Chandra X-ray telescope and control Chandra's science and flight operations following its launch in 1999. With its unrivaled ability to produce high-resolution X-ray images, Chandra has allowed scientists all over the world to observe a fantastic range of phenomena. It has also provided the most direct evidence to date that most of the universe's matter is "dark," its presence detected only indirectly by observing its gravitational pull on normal matter.

Tananbaum (above) says Chandra has "offered us clues about . . . the universe's ultimate destiny."

"Chandra has helped track how dark energy has slowed the growth of galaxy clusters and offered us clues about what the universe's ultimate destiny might be," Tananbaum says. Chandra can follow matter heated to temperatures of millions of degrees as it swirls toward the black holes that lurk in most galaxies. Near the black hole, an instability can trigger winds of hot gas and jets of energetic particles. These outflows then limit the further growth of large, massive galaxies. Chandra has also revealed amazing details about the dynamics of shock waves generated by exploding stars. Its many accomplishments are explained in detail on its award-winning Web site (www.chandra.harvard.edu).

SAO has participated in other NASA-funded astronomy programs, such as developing an infrared camera on the Spitzer Space Telescope and an extreme ultraviolet imager on the recently launched Solar Dynamics Observatory. In addition, SAO researchers are contributing to NASA's Kepler Mission, a space telescope that has discovered five new planets orbiting five different stars outside our solar system. If life is eventually found on planets like these, Kepler will have played a key role in the discovery. In the 21st century, with our superb facilities, innovative researchers and strong partners, the Smithsonian will continue to develop next-generation technologies and lead missions to uncover the secrets of the cosmos.

G. WAYNE CLOUGH *is Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.*

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NGST

California Dreamin'

In 1973, artist Christo envisioned building a fence, but it would take a village to make it happen

LESTER BRUHN NEVER CLAIMED to have an eye for art. So the California rancher wasn't sure what to do one afternoon in 1973, when a longhaired man knocked at his door and introduced himself as Christo. The stranger asked, in accented English, if Bruhn would consider leasing him land to erect a temporary art project: a large fabric fence that would stretch across ranches and highways before dipping into the ocean.

Bruhn may have been a bit apprehensive as he sized up the Bulgarian artist and his French wife and partner, Jeanne-Claude. But unlike the handful of ranchers who had turned the couple away, he invited them in for coffee.

"I guess he saw something nobody else saw," says Bruhn's daughter, Mary Ann. "My father was just totally entranced." Lester Bruhn died in 1991 at age 82.

More than 35 years after that first meeting, thousands of people are still entranced by *The Running Fence*—an 18-foot-high stretch of white, billowing nylon curtains that extended 24.5 miles along the hills of Sonoma and Marin counties for two weeks in September 1976. It took three and a half years to prepare.

Now, for the first time, the documentation of the entire project—from Christo's initial sketches to pieces of the fence itself—is on display, through September 26 at the Smithsonian American Art Museum in an exhibition called "Christo and Jeanne-Claude: Remembering *The Running Fence*."

The effect of the artwork, Christo recalled at the exhibition première on March 30, is the real story: how the vast fence, rather than separating people, embodied "togetherness."

Inspired by a snow fence he saw while driving along the Continental Divide in 1972, Christo envisioned a large installation that would enhance the topography of the land. The actual fence crossed 14 major roads and went through only one town: Valley Ford. Art wasn't something the "old-timers" there had much experience with, recalls Mary Ann. But her father saw it as an opportunity. The project could help the economy, he insisted, creating jobs and boosting tourism.

The Bulgarian immigrant and the American rancher reached out to Bruhn's neighbors with a proposal: the artists would pay the ranchers for the use of their land, and after the fence came down, all the building materials would belong to the ranchers.

Ultimately the ranchers decided it was a good deal. Some artists and urbanites, however, were not as enthusiastic. They formed a group called the Committee to Stop the Running Fence, dragging out permit hearings with

Christo's 24.5-mile-long, 18-foot-high *Running Fence* graced the hills of two California counties for two weeks in September 1976.

claims that the fence would wreak havoc on the land. More than one artist said the project wasn't art.

Finally, after 18 public hearings and three sessions in the superior courts of California that stretched out over two years, the project was approved. Beginning in April 1976, roughly 400 paid workers rose before dawn every day to stretch 240,000 square yards of heavy, woven fabric across the landscape using 2,050 steel poles.

Members of Hell's Angels motorcycle clubs worked alongside art students. And when the fabric fence was finished, visitors from across the country flocked to see the curtains illuminated by the bright California sun, catching the wind like vast sails. "It went on and on and on, twisting and turning over those hills," Mary Ann says. "It was magnificent."

Today, in the center of Valley Ford, an American flag hangs on one of the fence's steel poles, and beneath it Christo's duct-taped work boots—worn down from walking the length of the fence countless times—are sealed in a metal time capsule. There was even a reunion picnic held in September 2009, which Christo attended with Jeanne-Claude, who died two months later, at age 74.

At the exhibit's opening, Mary Ann, now 71, wore a shimmering white blazer—made from fence fabric that once graced her father's land.

"To talk about the fence is one thing; to see it was another," she says. "It got to you." **ERICA R. HENDRY**

JEANNE-CLAUDE / SAAM

Watch Christo discuss the Running Fence Project at Smithsonian.com/christo

COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY • **BOB DYLAN POSTER**

Sign of the Times

Milton Glaser's 1966 poster of a folk-rock icon captured the psychedelic dazzle of the flower-power era

BY OWEN EDWARDS

A student of art history, Glaser (top: in 1969) draws on many traditions; he says the Dylan poster (right) was inspired by Marcel Duchamp's 1957 self-portrait (above). "The history of visual things in the world," says Glaser, "is my playpen."

IN THE ART WORLD, posters occupy a middle ground between paintings and advertisements in magazines and on billboards. But when well-known artists, including France's Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901) and Italy's Leonetto Cappiello (1875-1942), were commissioned to create promotional posters for everything from Paris' legendary Moulin Rouge music hall to men's hats, they transformed the poster into a sought-after collectible.

The high renaissance for the form came in the 1920s in Europe, where the fusion of graphic design and illustrative art brightened the streets of Paris, London and Milan. Aside from billboards and movie posters, advertising posters were never quite as important, or as ubiquitous, in the United States. The rise of rock 'n' roll in the 1960s, however, generated a particular genre of poster art in this country. Many of these flower-power-era artifacts today reside within the collections of the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum in New York City. Among the most iconic—"a key item in any poster collection," according to Gail Davidson, head of the museum's department of drawings, prints and graphic design—is Milton Glaser's 1966 image of singer Bob Dylan.

Glaser, who received a National Medal of Arts at a White House ceremony this past February, was just beginning his extraordinary career as an artist and graphic designer when he undertook the Dylan project. (A couple of years later, he and editor Clay Felker would found *New York* magazine.) John Berg, then art director at Columbia Records, asked Glaser to create a poster to be folded and packaged into Dylan's "Greatest Hits" LP. Glaser, today one of this country's most prolific poster artists, with more than 400 to his credit, was new to the form. "This was probably my third or fourth poster," he recalls. It would become one of the most widely circulated of all time; six million or more were distributed with the enormously popular album.

BERNARD GOTFRYD / GETTY IMAGES; THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART / ART RESOURCE, NY; MILTON GLASER / COOPER-HEWITT, NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, SI

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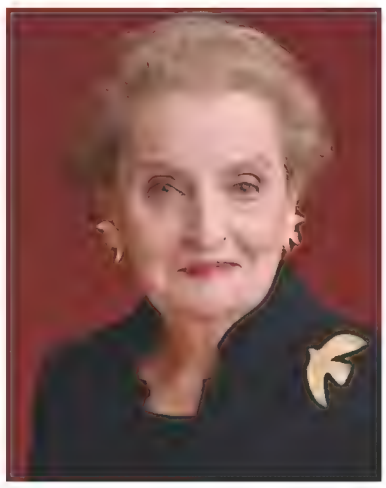


Q&A

Throughout her diplomatic career, former Secretary of State **MADELEINE ALBRIGHT** used brooches and pins to express her moods and opinions. "Read My Pins: The Madeleine Albright Collection," an exhibition featuring over 200 items of jewelry, opens this month at the Smithsonian Castle. Secretary Albright spoke with the magazine's Megan Gambino.

When did you first use jewelry as a diplomatic accessory?
It all began when I was at the United Nations. It was right after the Gulf War and the United States was pressing for resolutions sanctioning Iraq. During that time, I had something dreadful to say about Saddam Hussein on a daily basis, which he deserved because he had invaded Kuwait. The government-controlled Iraqi media then compared me to an "unparalleled serpent." I happened to have a snake pin and wore it to my next meeting on Iraq. When the press asked me about it, I thought, "Well, this is fun." I was the only woman on the Security Council, and I decided to get some more costume jewelry. On good days, I wore flowers and butterflies and balloons, and on bad days, all kinds of bugs and carnivorous animals. I saw it as an additional way of expressing what I was saying, a visual way to deliver a message.

Albright's *Liberty Brooch* is by Dutch artist Gijs Bakker.

What other messages did you deliver?
I had an arrow pin that looked like a missile, and when we were negotiating the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty with the Russians, the Russian foreign minister asked, "Is that one of your missile interceptors you're wearing?" And I responded, "Yes. We make them very small. Let's negotiate." Or, after we found that the Russians had planted a listening device—a "bug"—into a conference room near my office in the State Department, the next time I saw the Russians, I wore this huge bug. They got the message.

So nonverbal communication is one of your diplomatic tactics?
Yes, it's complementary to the verbal. It's an icebreaker, an opener.

Did a pin ever land you in hot water?
Definitely. When I went to Russia with President Bill Clinton for a summit, I wore a pin with the hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkeys, because the Russians never would talk about what was really going on during their conflict with Chechnya. President Vladimir Putin asked why I was wearing those monkeys. I said, because of your Chechnya policy. He was not amused. I probably went too far.

Read more of our interview with Madeleine Albright at Smithsonian.com/albright

Depicting Dylan with kaleidoscopic hair, the Glaser poster has been described as "psychedelic" and is often associated with rock posters produced in San Francisco at the same time. But Glaser, who had studied in Italy on a Fulbright scholarship in the early 1950s, is a formalist with a broad awareness of artists and art movements, and he took his inspiration for the Dylan profile from a 1957 self-portrait by Marcel Duchamp. Though Glaser used a similar composition, the transformation of Dylan's curly mane into a tangled rainbow was his own invention.

Glaser says he also tapped into an earlier art movement. "I was interested in Art Nouveau at the time," he recalls. "That was an influence for the colors and shapes in the picture." The contrast of vivid colors with the dark silhouetted profile reflects Glaser's response to the Modernist "Less is more" dictum: "Just enough is more." For the single word, "Dylan," Glaser invented a typeface, one that he would use again on a poster for a Mahalia Jackson concert at Lincoln Center.

Despite the millions of distributed copies, the Dylan poster has become a hot collectible that sells for hundreds of dollars. (It has been reissued twice, but originals bear the telltale folds.) Luck played a role in the Cooper-Hewitt's acquisition, according to Davidson. One of her museum colleagues was teaching a graphic-design course when a student came to class with a poster that she wanted to donate, Davidson recalls. "It was the Dylan poster, in good condition—with folds—and it had been willed to her boyfriend by his father."

How does Glaser feel today about his most famous piece? "I would have redone the hair," he says today. "It's a little clumsy."

Glaser has yet to share his opinion with his subject. On the day that the artist received his White House honors, another recipient was otherwise engaged: Bob Dylan.

OWEN EDWARDS *is a freelance writer and author of the book* Elegant Solutions.

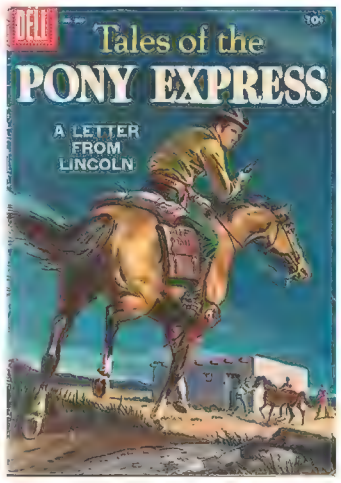
PORTRAIT BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS; JOHN BIGELOW TAYLOR / MADELEINE ALBRIGHT COLLECTION

What's Up

NMAA, SI

BUILT TO LAST

The Alaskan Yup'ik people display extraordinary ingenuity creating tools, clothes, weapons and containers (left: a 19th-century tobacco box) in a constant struggle to survive in their subarctic home. An exhibit drawing from 13 major collections is at the Natural History Museum through July 25.



POSTAL PIONEERS

From 1860 to 1861, the Pony Express delivered mail between Missouri and California—and rode into the popular imagination (left: a 1957 comic book). Learn more at the Postal Museum's new permanent show, "Binding the Nation."

LAUNCHING PAD

Harlem's Apollo Theater (left: photo by Shahar Azran) launched the careers of music legends. American History celebrates the theater's 75th anniversary with a multimedia exhibition through August 29.

BY ERICA R. HENDRY

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Through August 1 at the Hirshhorn: Chris Chong Chan Fui's 2008 film *Block B* (right) follows the lives of Indian contractors living in a Malaysian apartment complex.

SOUL SEARCHING

Using mixed media, Paul Emmanuel explores his identity as a white man in post-apartheid South Africa (right: *Transitions 3 [detail 4]*, 2005). At the African Art Museum until August 22.

NMNH, SI; NATIONAL POSTAL MUSEUM, SI; SHAHAR AZRAN, APOLLO THEATER FOUNDATION / NMAAHC, SI; HIRSHHORN MUSEUM, SI; NMAA, SI

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Smithsonian
JUNE 2010 · VOLUME 41, NUMBER 3

"Kurdish culture is a strong and mighty tree," says historian Ihsan Colemerikli. "There has been a new surge of water, so the tree is biossoming very richly."

HERITAGE RECLAIMED

After years of conflict, Turkey and its Kurdish population have forged a fragile accommodation, giving the beleaguered ethnic minority fresh optimism

BY STEPHEN KINZER PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNSEY ADDARIO

In the breathtakingly rugged

Turkish province of Hakkari, pristine rivers surge through spectacular mountain gorges and partridges feed beneath tall clusters of white hollyhock. I'm attending the marriage celebration of 24-year-old Baris and his 21-year-old bride, Dilan, in the Kurdish heartland near the borders of Syria, Iran and Iraq. This is not the actual wedding; the civil and religious ceremonies were performed earlier in the week. Not until after this party, though, will the couple spend their first night together as husband and wife. It will be a short celebration by Kurdish standards—barely 36 hours.

Neither eating nor drinking plays much of a role at a traditional Kurdish wedding. On the patio of a four-story apartment house, guests are served only small plates of rice and meatballs. Instead, the event is centered on music and dance. Hour after hour, the band plays lustily as lines of guests, their arms linked behind their backs, kick, step and join in song in ever-changing combinations. Children watch intently, absorbing a tradition passed down through generations.

The women wear dazzling, embroidered gowns. But it's the men who catch my eye. Some of them are wearing one-piece outfits—khaki or gray overalls with patterned cummerbunds—inspired by the uniforms of Kurdish guerrillas who fought a fierce campaign for self-rule against the Turkish government throughout much of the 1980s and '90s. The Turkish military, which harshly suppressed this insurgency,

would not have tolerated such outfits just a few years ago. These days, life is more relaxed.

As darkness falls and there is still no sign of the bride, some friends and I decide to visit the center of Hakkari, the provincial capital. An armored personnel carrier, with a Turkish soldier in the turret peering over his machine gun, rumbles ominously through the city, which is swollen with unemployed Kurdish refugees from the countryside. But stalls in music stores overflow with CDs by Kurdish singers, including performers who were banned because Turkish authorities judged their music incendiary. Signs written in the once-taboo Kurdish language decorate shop windows.

By luck, we encounter Ihsan Colemerikli, a Kurdish intellectual whose book *Hakkari in Mesopotamian Civilization* is a highly regarded work of historical research. He invites us to his home, where we sip tea under an arbor. Colemerikli says there have been 28 Kurdish rebellions in the past 86 years—inspired by centuries of successful resistance to outsiders, invaders and would-be conquerors.

Isolation allowed the Kurds to survive for thousands of years while other cultures faded from history. "In my time we lived a completely natural life," says Semi Utan (above). "We had our animals. We made yogurt, milk and cheese. We produced our own honey. Herbs were used for healing the sick. No one ever went to a doctor. Everything was tied to nature."

"Kurdish culture is a strong and mighty tree with deep roots," he says. "Turks, Persians and Arabs have spent centuries trying to cut off this tree's water so it would wither and die. But in the last 15 to 20 years there has been a new surge of water, so the tree is blossoming very richly."

Back at the wedding party, the bride finally appears,

MAP: GUILBERT GATES

wearing a brightly patterned, translucent veil and surrounded by attendants carrying candles. She is led slowly through the crowd to one of two armchairs in the center of the patio. Her husband sits in the other one. For half an hour they sit quietly and watch the party, then rise for their first dance, again surrounded by candles. I notice that the bride never smiles, and I ask if something is amiss. No, I'm told. It is customary for a Kurdish bride to appear somber as a way of showing how sad she is to leave her parents.

The party will go on until dawn, only to resume a few hours later. But as midnight approaches, my companions and I depart, our destination a *corba salonu*—a soup salon. In a few minutes we enter a brightly lit café. There are two soups on the menu. Lentil is my favorite, but when traveling I prefer the unfamiliar. The sheep's head soup, made with meat scraped from inside the skull, is strong, lemony and assertive.

ISOLATION HAS LONG DEFINED THE KURDS, whose ancestral homeland is mountainous southeast Anatolia in what is now Turkey. Isolation helped them survive for thousands of years, while other peoples—Phrygians, Hittites, Lydians—faded from history's pages. Sitting outdoors in a wooden chair, resplendent in a traditional ankle-length Kurdish gown, Semi Utan, 82, smiles wistfully as she recalls her childhood. "In my time we lived a completely natural life," she says. "We had our animals. We made yogurt, milk and cheese. We produced our own honey. Herbs were used for healing the sick. No one ever went to a doctor. Everything was tied to nature."

Today there are an estimated 25 million to 40 million Kurds, mostly Muslim, about half in Turkey and most of the others in Iran, Iraq and Syria. They are arguably the largest ethnic group in the world without an independent state of their own—a situation that, for many Kurds, is in painful contrast to their for-

Clockwise from top left: The death of the Kurds' 12th-century leader Saladin led to oppression by foreign rulers. The Kurds rebelled, most recently in the 1980s and '90s. Today, Turkish President Abdullah Gul says democracy will bring peace. Still, Kurds and their leaders, such as Mayor Gulcihan Simsek (in white jacket), want their cultural rights to be recognized (opposite: a young protester wearing Kurdish red and green).

TOP ROW: SCALA / MINISTERO PER I BENI E LE ATTIVITÀ CULTURALI / ART RESOURCE, NY; REZA / WEBISTAN / CORBIS; DOMINIQUE FAGET / AFP / GETTY IMAGES

mer glory and is a source of frustration and anger.

Kurdish tribes have lived in Anatolia since at least 1,000 B.C., twenty centuries before the first Turks arrived there. Ancient historians described them as a people not to be trifled with. Xenophon, the fourth-century B.C. Greek warrior and chronicler, wrote that they "lived in the mountains and were very warlike." The peak of Kurdish power came in the 12th century, under their greatest leader, Salah-ad-Din (a.k.a. Saladin). While building a vast empire that included much of present-day Syria, Iraq and Egypt, Saladin recaptured many cities, including Jerusalem, that had been conquered by the crusaders. In Europe, he was held up as a model of chivalry.

But Saladin's empire declined after his death, giving way to Ottoman and Persian power, which reached new heights in the 16th and 17th centuries. The Kurds rebelled and suffered terribly. Many were slaughtered. More were forcibly moved to outlying regions, including present-day Azerbaijan and Afghanistan, where rulers thought they would be less threatening.

As the Ottoman Empire collapsed after World War I, Anatolia's Kurds saw a chance for nationhood. The Treaty of Sèvres, imposed on the defeated Turks in 1920, partitioned the territory of the Ottoman Empire among the victorious allied nations. It also gave Kurds the right to decide whether they wanted their own country. But under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal, later known as Ataturk, the Turks tore up the treaty. As Turkey's first president, Ataturk saw the Kurds as a threat to his secular, modernizing revolution. His government forced thousands of them from their homes, closed Kurdish newspapers, banned Kurdish names and even restricted the use of the Kurdish language.

"The Kurds expected a sort of joint government, with the ability to control their own region, but that didn't happen at all," says Aliza Marcus, author of *Blood and Belief: The PKK and the Kurdish Fight for Independence*. "The state did everything it could to get rid of the Kurdish nation. By the late 1930s, Kurdish resistance was more or less crushed. But the Kurdish spirit was never wiped out."

The most recent Kurdish revolt was set off by a group calling itself the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK), which grew out of Marxist student movements in the early 1970s. The Turkish state responded to PKK attacks in the 1980s with repressive measures that fanned the flames of rebellion. By 1990, southeastern Turkey was ablaze with war. Only after the PKK leader, Abdullah Ocalan, was captured in 1999 did the

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Former New York Times *correspondent* **STEPHEN KINZER** *wrote about Iran in the October 2008 issue of* SMITHSONIAN. *Photographer* **LYNSEY ADDARIO** *is based in New Delhi.*

fighting recede. There was no formal peace accord, since the government refuses to deal with the PKK, which both Turkey and the United States consider a terrorist group. But from his prison cell, Ocalan called for a cease-fire. Not all PKK members and supporters have laid down their arms, and there are still occasional bombings and arson attacks. But most PKK militants are encamped across the border in the Qandil mountain region of northern Iraq—where they are protected by their Iraqi cousins, who have established a Kurdish republic in the north that enjoys broad autonomy. Kurds everywhere take pride that there is now a place where the Kurdish flag flies, official business is conducted in Kurdish and Kurdish-speaking professors teach Kurdish history in Kurdish universities. But many Turkish Kurds see the Kurdish regime in northern Iraq as corrupt, feudal and clan-based—not the modern democracy they wish for in Turkey.

"We are Turkish citizens," Muzafer Usta tells me when I stop for *pide*—baked flatbread sprinkled with cheese, meat and chopped vegetables—at his café in Van, southeastern Turkey's second-largest city. "We have no problem living with Turks. But we want to keep our culture. We were born as Kurds, and we also want to die as Kurds."

DURING THE CIVIL WAR OF THE 1990S, the Turkish Army—determined to deny sanctuary to guerrillas in the countryside—forcibly evacuated more than 2,000 villages, pushing up to three million Kurds from their homes. Many landed in large towns and, having little experience with urban life, melted into a new impoverished underclass. "This culture has been damaged very seriously by forced migration," says Zozan Ozgokce, a 33-year-old financial consultant. "[Before], we never had beggars or street children or drug users." The strains on families are apparent. In 2004, Ozgokce co-founded the Van Women's Association, which conducted a survey of 776 Kurdish women in Van—82 percent said they were victims of domestic abuse "often" or "very often."

"Our society has been seriously injured, no doubt," says Azize Leygara, 32, who runs Children Under the Same Roof, a nonprofit group that seeks to rescue Kurdish street kids in Diyarbakir, some 230 miles west of Van. "Our challenge is not to go back to life as it was. That's gone, and it won't be back. Our challenge now is to create a new social structure."

The Umut Bookstore (the name means "hope") in the dusty Turkish town of Semdinli is set amid jagged peaks 40 miles from the Iraqi border. The bookseller, Seferi Yilmaz, 47, became a local hero the hard way—by surviving a 2006 bomb attack on his store. Witnesses chased the assailant and surrounded the car in which his two collaborators were waiting. All three men turned out to be tied to the Turkish security forces; two were noncommissioned gendarmerie officers and the third was a former PKK guerrilla who had become a government informer. They were apparently trying to kill Yilmaz, who had served a prison term after being convicted of PKK membership in the 1980s. The incident set off waves of outrage among Kurds and provoked further demands for reform.

Inside the bookstore, Yilmaz showed me four glass cases

holding artifacts from the attack, including bloodstained books and a teapot peppered with shrapnel holes. One man was killed in the bombing and eight others were injured.

"If you don't accept the existence of a culture or an ethnicity, of course it cannot be permitted to have music or art or literature," he said. "The Turks don't recognize our identity, so they don't recognize our culture. That's why our culture is so politicized. Just to say that this culture exists is taken as a political act."

Still, everyone I met—even the most outspoken Kurdish nationalists—told me they wanted their homeland to remain part of Turkey. Traveling across the country, it's easy to understand why. Turkey is by most standards the most democratic Muslim country—a powerful, modern society with a vibrant economy and extensive ties to the international community. If the mainly Kurdish provinces of the southeast were to become independent, their state would be landlocked and weak in a highly volatile region—a tempting target for powers such as Iran, Iraq or Syria. "We don't want an independence that would change borders," says Gulcihan Simsek, mayor of a sprawling, impoverished borough of Van called Bostanici. "Absolute independence is not a requirement today. We want true regional autonomy, to make our own decisions and use our own natural resources, but always within the Turkish nation and under the Turkish flag."

Above from left: Kurdish brothers selling wet towels at a bus stop help earn money for their family. The Turkish Army forcibly evacuated up to three million Kurds from their homes in the 1990s. Many landed in large towns where they melted into a new impoverished underclass. Some Kurds have returned to the countryside, resuming their lives as nomads.

In Istanbul, I asked Turkish President Abdullah Gul why the Turkish state has been unable, over the course of its nearly 90-year history, to find peace with its Kurdish citizens, and what chance there is for it now.

"Some call it terror, some call it the southeast problem, some call it the Kurdish problem," he responds. "The problem was this: the lack of democracy, the standard of democracy. . . . When we upgrade that standard, all these problems will find solutions." In practical terms, that means stronger legal protections for all citizens against discrimination, whether based on gender, religious belief or ethnicity.

That process is already beginning. Since my conversation with President Gul, the government has licensed a Kurdish television channel and allowed a university in Mardin, a historic town near the Syrian border, to open a center for the study of Kurdish language and literature. Steps like these would have been unthinkable only a few years ago, and government leaders say there will soon be more like them.

The European Union (EU) has made it clear that a key obstacle to Turkish membership is the continuing "Kurdish problem." Turks have good reason to want to join. The EU requires member states to implement free elections, prudent economic policies and civilian control of the military—making membership as close to a guarantee of permanent stability and prosperity as the modern world can offer. And

Turkish acceptance as part of Europe would be a powerful example of how Islam and democracy can blend peacefully.

"If we solve this one problem, Turkey can become the pearl of this region," says Soli Ozel, a professor of political science at Istanbul Bilgi University. "There would be almost nothing we couldn't be or do. People in power are starting to grasp this reality."

ALTHOUGH KURDISH CULTURE HAS traditionally been defined by its isolation, the young people I met seem determined to change that. They are proud of their Kurdish identity but refuse to be confined by it. They want to be the first globalized Kurds.

Current trends in Kurdish music reflect that impulse. Like many nomadic peoples, the Kurds developed a strong folk music tradition they use to pass down their stories from one generation to the next. They sang songs about love, separation and historical events, accompanied by such instruments as the *def* (a bass drum) and the *zirne* (a kind of oboe). Young Kurds today favor rock-oriented bands like Ferec, which was setting up at a restaurant I visited in Hakkari. Ferec is an evocative Ottoman-era Turkish word variously translated as liberation, emancipation, overcoming adversity and coming to a positive state of mind.

"Ten years ago it was not easy to do what we do," said the band leader (who asked that I not use his name because "we're a group and don't want to be seen as individuals"). "Now it's better. But our more extreme political songs—we still can't play them. . . . Some boys in our society are eager to fight. They want to be set on fire. We're careful with them. We don't want to do this."

Young Kurdish writers, too, want to bring the long tradition

Salih Tekce (above far left) heads a nomadic tribe of more than a dozen families. When the Turks burned down his village in the most recent Kurdish rebellion, he moved to a town, where he drove a taxi for 12 years: "I hated it. I felt like I was carrying each passenger on my shoulders."

of storytelling into the modern age. In 2004, Lal Lalesh, a 29-year-old poet from Diyarbakir, founded a publishing house that specializes in Kurdish literature. He has commissioned translations of foreign works such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and has issued more than a dozen out-of-print Kurdish classics. His main purpose, though, is to publish new writing.

"Before, our writers concentrated mainly on Kurdish subjects," Lalesh says. "In the last few years, they've started to deal with other themes, like sex, individuality, the social aspects of life. Some are even writing crime novels. For the first time, Kurds are breaking out of their isolation in their own society, and also breaking barriers that were imposed by the political system."

Another group is turning to cinema. More than a dozen have graduated from film school and gathered together at the nascent Diyarbakir Arts Center. In the past two years they have produced nearly 20 short films.

"Most of our artists have broken out of the nationalist shell and gone beyond being from one group or loving one nation," says Ozlem Orcen, 28, who works at the center. "Twenty years from now, I could imagine some of them reaching a high level, an international level."

And yet, there is still "a great sense of belonging to the Kurdish nation," says Henri Barkey, a professor of international relations at Pennsylvania's Lehigh University and co-author of *Turkey's Kurdish Question*. "In a way, globalization has enhanced the sense of identity among Kurds. It's the same phenomenon you see in Europe, where even small populations are feeling drawn to their primordial identity."

One expression of that identity is a return to nomadic life. Kurds who were forbidden during the civil war to live as nomads may now do so again. I visited one such group, made up of 13 families, at a remote mountainside encampment several hours from Hakkari. The route took me over rugged hills, along the rims of vertiginous gorges, and past the haunting ruins of a church, destroyed in the convulsions that accompanied the collapse of the Ottoman Empire in the early 20th century.

Soon after arriving at the camp, I was invited into a large, airy yurt for lunch. Sitting on a carpet and leaning against soft cushions, I feasted on fresh yogurt, honey, piping-hot flatbread and four kinds of cheese.

These nomads move through the hills for about half the year, then return to lowlands in winter. They tend a herd of more than 1,000 sheep and goats. Twice a day, the entire herd is brought to the camp and eased through a funnel-shaped, chicken-wire enclosure, at the end of which women on stools wait to milk them. They work with amazing dexterity, taking barely an hour to finish the entire job. The milk will be made into cheese, which the nomads sell to wholesalers for delivery to grocery stores across the region.

The elected leader of this group is a thoughtful, taciturn man named Salih Tekce. Standing outside his yurt, framed by the wild mountains Kurds have always loved, he tells me that his village was burned and that he had to move to town, scraping by as a taxi driver for 12 years.

"It was terrible," he said. "I hated it. I felt like I was carrying each passenger on my shoulders."

Like the bookstore owner, the band members, the local politicians and most others here, Tekce believes Kurdish resistance is best achieved not by force of arms, but by renewal. "Through it all, we love life," he tells me. "We don't feel defeated. We know how to die, but we also know how to live."

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At Villa Adriana, built by the emperor Hadrian in the second century A.D., these columns surrounded a private retreat ringed by water. "It's unique," says an archaeologist of the villa within a villa.

HOME AW

AY FROM ROME

ARCHAEOLOGISTS STUDYING THE COUNTRY RETREATS OF ANCIENT EMPERORS HAVE ILLUMINATED THE LIVES OF THE RULERS THEMSELVES

By Paul Bennett

IN A.D. 143 OR 144, when he was in his early 20s, the future Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius set out for the country estate of his adoptive father, Emperor Antoninus Pius. The property, Villa Magna (Great Estate), boasted hundreds of acres of wheat, grapes and other crops, a grand mansion, baths and temples, as well as rooms for the emperor and his entourage to retreat from the world or curl up with a good book.

Which is just what young Marcus did, as he related in a letter written to his tutor, Fronto, during the excursion. He describes reading Cato's *De agri cultura*, which was to the gentlemanly farmer of the Roman Empire what Henry David Thoreau's *Walden* was to nature lovers in the 19th century. He hunted boar, without success

("We did hear that boars had been captured but saw nothing ourselves"), and climbed a hill. And since the emperor was also the head of the Roman religion, he helped his father with the daily sacrifices—a ritual that made offerings of bread, milk or a slaughtered animal. The father, son and the emperor's retinue dined in a chamber adjacent to the pressing room—where grapes were crushed for making wine—and there enjoyed some kind of show, perhaps a dance performed by the peasant farmworkers or slaves as they stomped the grapes.

We know what became of Marcus Aurelius—considered the last of the "Five Good Emperors." He ruled for nearly two decades from A.D. 161 to his death in A.D. 180, a tenure marked by wars in Asia and what is now Germany. As for the Villa Magna, it faded into neglect. Documents from the Middle Ages and later mention a church "at Villa Magna" lying southeast of Rome near the town of Anagni, in the region of Lazio. There, on privately owned land, remains of Roman walls are partially covered by a 19th-century farmhouse and a long-ruined medieval monastery. Sections of the complex were half-heartedly excavated in the 18th century by the Scottish painter and amateur treasure hunter Gavin Hamilton, who failed to find marble statues or frescoed rooms and decided that the site held little interest.

As a result, archaeologists mostly ignored the site for 200 years. Then, in 2006, archaeologist Elizabeth Fentress—working under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania and the British School at Rome—got permission from the property owner and the Italian government to excavate the area and began to make some interesting discoveries. Most important, near the old farmhouse, her team—accompanied by Sandra Gatti from the Italian Archaeological Superintendency—found a marble-paved rectangular room. At one end was a raised platform, and there were circular indentations in the ground where large terra-cotta pots, or *dolia*, would have been set in an ancient Roman *cella vinaria*—a wine pressing room.

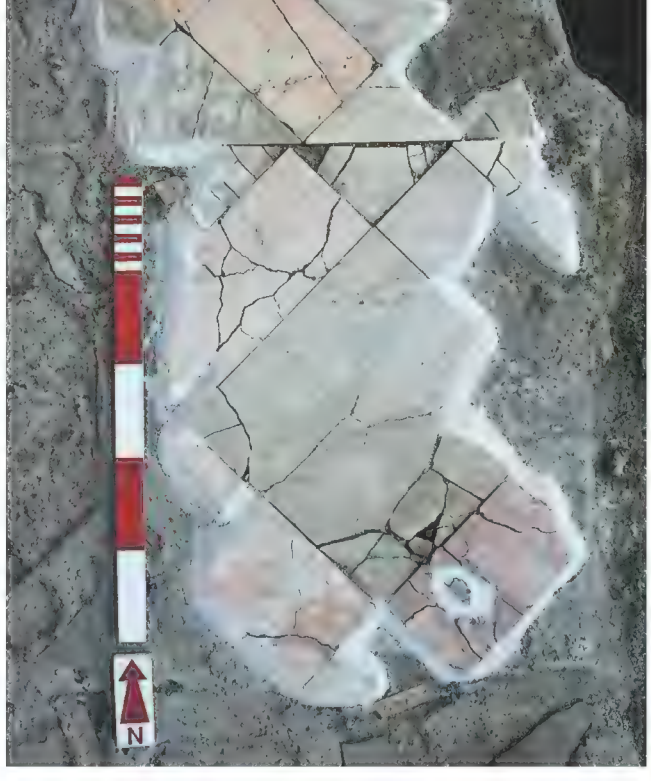
The following summer, Fentress and a team discovered a chamber shaped like a semicircular auditorium attached to the pressing room. She was thrilled. Here was the dining area described by Marcus Aurelius where the imperial retinue watched the local workers stomp grapes and, presumably, dance and sing. "If there was any doubt about the villa," says Fentress, "the discovery of the marble-paved cella vinaria and the banquet room looking into it sealed it."

IN ALL, ROMAN EMPERORS constructed dozens of villas over the roughly 350-year span of imperial rule, from the rise of Augustus in 27 B.C. to the death of Constantine in A.D. 337. Since treasure hunters first discovered the villas in the 18th century (followed by archaeologists in the 19th and 20th), nearly 30 such properties have been documented in the Italian region of Lazio alone. Some, such as Hadrian's, at Tivoli, have yielded marble statues, frescoes and ornate architecture, evidence of the luxuries enjoyed by wealthy, powerful men (and their wives and mistresses). As archaeological investigations continue at several sites throughout the Mediterranean, a more nuanced picture of these properties and the men who built them is emerging. "This idea that the villa is just about conspicuous consumption, that's only the beginning," says Columbia University archaeologist Marco Maiuro, who works with Fentress at Villa Magna.

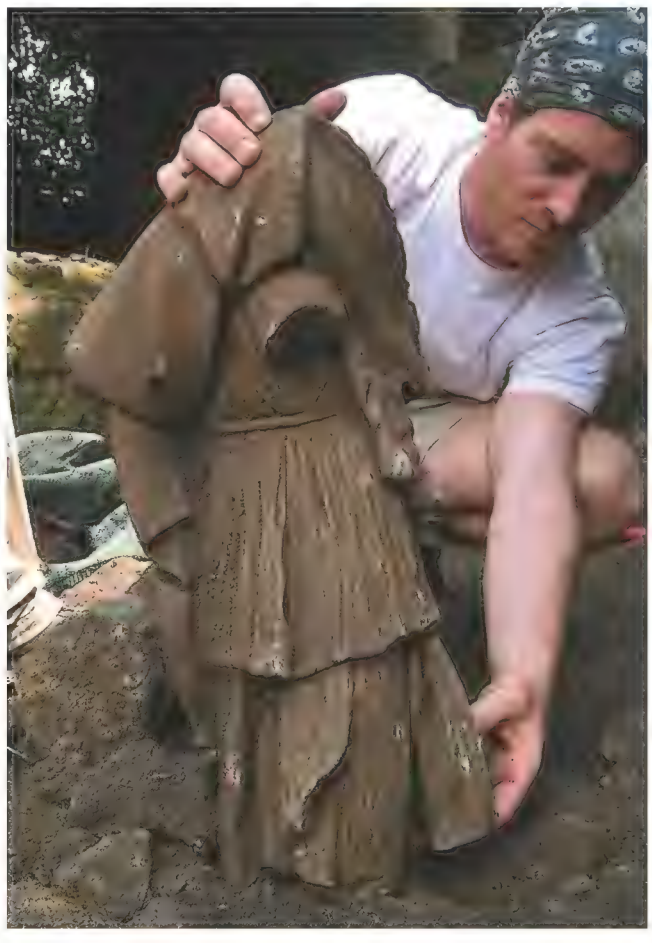
The villas also point up the sharp contrast between the emperors' official and private lives. "In Rome," says Steven Tuck, a classical art historian at Miami University of Ohio, "you constantly see them through their service to the state—dedications of buildings, triumphal columns and arches and monuments." But battles and bureaucracy are left at the villa's door. Tuck points to his favorite villa—that of Tiberius, Augustus' stepson, son-in-law and successor. It lies at the end of a sandy beach near Sperlonga, a resort between Rome and Naples on the Mediterranean coast. Wedged between a twisting mountain road and crashing waves, the Villa Tiberio features a natural grotto fashioned into a banquet hall. When archaeologists discovered the grotto in the 1950s, the entrance was filled with thousands of marble fragments. Once the pieces were put together, they yielded some of the greatest sculptural groups ever created—enormous statues depicting the sea monster Scylla and the blinding of the Cyclops Polyphemus. Both are characters from Homer's *Odyssey* as retold in Virgil's *Aeneid*, itself a celebration of Rome's mythic founding written just before Tiberius' reign. Both also vividly illustrate man locked in epic battle with primal forces. "We don't see this kind of thing in Rome," says Tuck. It was evocative of a *nymphaeum*, a dark, primeval place supposedly inhabited by nymphs and beloved by the capricious sea god Neptune. Imagine dining here, with the sound of the sea and torchlight flickering off the fish tail of the monster Scylla as she tossed Odysseus' shipmates into the ocean.

PAUL BENNETT *lived in Italy for five years and has lectured widely on Roman history, archaeology and landscape design.*

MAP: GUILBERT GATES; PP. 40-41 SUSAN WRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY



As a young man, Marcus Aurelius (below) spent time at Villa Magna. In 2006, archaeologists (right: Marco Maiuro, with statue of Hercules found in rubble) uncovered the villa's marble-floored winery (left) and banquet alcove (above), where diners watched farmworkers crush grapes.



ELIZABETH FENTRESS (2); MUSEO ARCHEOLOGICO NAZIONALE, NAPLES / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY INTERNATIONAL; ELIZABETH FENTRESS

IF THE IMPERIAL VILLA PROVIDED opportunities for Roman emperors to experiment with new images and ideas, then the one that Hadrian (A.D. 76-138) built at Tivoli in the first decades of the second century may be the ultimate in free-wheeling expression. Occupying about 250 acres at the base of the Apennine Hills, Villa Adriana was originally a farm. When Hadrian became emperor in A.D. 117, he began renovating the existing structure into something extraordinary. The villa unfolded into a grand interlocking of halls, baths and gathering spaces designed to tantalize and amaze visitors. "This villa has been studied for five centuries, ever since its discovery during the Renaissance," says Marina De Franceschini, an archaeologist working with the University of Trento. "And yet there's still a lot to discover."

Franceschini is especially beguiled by the villa's outlandish architecture. Take the so-called Maritime Theater (pp. 40 and 41), where Hadrian designed a villa within a villa. On an island ringed by a water channel, it is reached by a drawbridge and equipped with two sleeping areas, two bathrooms, a dining room, living room and a thermal bath. The circular design and forced perspective make it appear larger than it is. "The emperor was interested in experimental ar-

chitecture," says Franceschini. "It's an extremely complicated place. Everything is curved. It's unique."

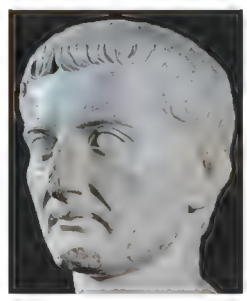
What exact statement Hadrian wanted to make with his villa has been the subject of debate since the Renaissance, when the great artists of Italy—including Raphael and Michelangelo—studied it. Perhaps to a greater extent than any other emperor, Hadrian possessed an aesthetic sensibility, which found expression in the many beautiful statues discovered on the site, some of which now grace the halls of the Vatican museums and the National Museum of Rome, as well as the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City and the Louvre in Paris.

Hadrian traveled frequently, and whenever he returned to Italy, Tivoli became his preferred residence, away from the imperial palace on the Palatine Hill. Part business, part pleasure, the villa contains many rooms designed to accommodate large gatherings. One of the most spacious is the *canopus*—a long structure marked by a reflecting pool said to symbolize a canal Hadrian visited in Alexandria, Egypt, in A.D. 130, where his lover Antinous drowned that same year. Ringing the pool was a colonnade connected by an elaborate architrave (carved marble connecting the top of each column). At the far end is a grotto, similar to that at Sperlonga but completely man-made, which scholars have named the Temple of Serapis, after a temple originally found at Alexandria.

Today, the canopus and grotto may look austere, but with the emperor seated there with up to 100 other diners around the pool, it must have been something to see. A net-

JOHANNA HUBER / SIME / GMA IMAGES

Before retiring to Villa Jovis (above opposite), Tiberius (right) resided at Villa Tiberio near Sperlonga. There, a natural grotto (top) formed a banquet hall, which was once graced with marble statues of mythical scenes (above left: the blinding of the Cyclops by Odysseus). Oceanside pools (above right) served as fish hatcheries.



work of underground tunnels some three miles long trace a labyrinth beneath the villa, which allowed servants to appear, almost magically, to refill a glass or serve a plate of food. The pool on a warm summer night, reflecting the curvilinear architrave, was surely enchanting.

Standing at the grotto today, one can barely see the line made by two small aqueducts running from a hillside behind the grotto to the top of this half-domed pavilion. Water would have entered a series of pipes at its height, run down into walls and eventually exploded from niches into a semi-circular pool and passed under the emperor. Franceschini believes the water was mostly decorative. "It reflected the buildings," he says. "It also ran through fountains and grand waterworks. It was conceived to amaze the visitor. If you came to a banquet in the canopus and saw the water coming, that would have been really spectacular."

HADRIAN WAS NOT THE ONLY EMPEROR to prefer country life to Rome's imperial palace. Several generations earlier, Tiberius

RAFFAELE CELENTANO / LAIF / REDUX; CUBOIMAGES SRL / ALAMY; PAUL BENNETT; LOUVRE, PARIS / ERICH LESSING / ART RESOURCE, NY

Since the Renaissance, artists have been captivated by Villa Adriana (above: in an 18th-century painting and, far right: from the air). Built for Hadrian (right), the villa was studied by Raphael and Michelangelo, among others. The circular design and forced perspective of the villa's island retreat, the Maritime Theater (below), make it appear larger than it actually is.

had retired to villas constructed by his predecessor Augustus. Installing a regent in Rome, the gloomy and reclusive Tiberius walled himself off from the world at the Villa Jovis, which still stands on the island of Capri, near Neapolis (today's Naples hills). Tiberius' retreat from Rome bred rumor and suspicion. The historian Suetonius, in his epic work *The Lives of the Twelve Caesars*, would later accuse him of setting up a licentious colony where sadomasochism, pederasty and cruelty were practiced. (Most historians believe these accusations to be false.) "Tradition still associates the great villas of Capri with this negative image," says Eduardo Federico, a historian at the University of Naples who grew up on the island. Excavated largely in the 1930s and boasting some of the most spectacular vistas of the Mediterranean Sea of any Roman estate, the Villa Jovis remains a popular tourist destination. "The legend of Tiberius as a tyrant still prevails," says Federico. "Hostile history has made the Villa Jovis a place of cruelty and Tiberian lust."

Perhaps the best-known retirement villa belonged to the emperor Diocletian (A.D. 245-316), who ruled at the end of the third century and into the fourth. Besides his tireless persecution of Christians, Diocletian is known for ending a half-century of instability and consolidating the empire—before dividing it into eastern and western halves (thereby setting the stage for the rise of the Byzantine Empire). Much of this work involved quelling rebellions on the perimeter and keeping the ever-agitating senatorial class under control. By A.D. 305, at the age of 60, Diocletian had had enough. In a bold, unprecedented move—previous emperors had all died in office—he announced his retirement and sought refuge in a seaside villa on the coast of Dalmatia (today's Croatia).

CHARLES LOUIS CLERISSEAU / FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY INTERNATIONAL; MUSEI CAPITOLINI, ROME / SCALA / ART RESOURCE, NY; PHOTOLIBRARY

Now called Diocletian's Palace, the ten-acre complex includes a mausoleum, temples, a residential suite and a magnificent peristyle courtyard complete with a dais and throne. Even out of power, Diocletian remained a force in the empire, and when it fell into chaos in 309, various factions pleaded for him to take up rule again. Diocletian demurred, famously writing that if they could see the incredible cabbages he'd grown with his own hands, they wouldn't ask him to trade the peace and happiness of his palace for the "storms of a never-satisfied greed," as one historian put it. He died there seven years later.

Located in the modern city of Split, Diocletian's Palace is one of the most stunning ancient sites in the world. Most of its walls still stand; and although the villa has been looted for treasure, a surprising number of statues—mostly Egyptian, pillaged during a successful military campaign—still stand. The villa owes its excellent condition to local inhabitants, who moved into the sprawling residence not long after the fall of Rome and whose descendants live there to this day. "Everything is interwoven in Split," says Josko Belamaric, an art historian with the Croatian Ministry of Culture who is responsible for conservation of the palace. "It's so dense. You open a cupboard in someone's apartment, and you're looking at a 1,700-year-old wall."

Belamaric has been measuring and studying Diocletian's Palace for more than a decade, aiming to strike a balance between its 2,000 residents and the needs of preservation. (Wiring high-speed Internet into an ancient villa, for instance, is not done with a staple gun.) Belamaric's studies of the structure have yielded some surprises. Working with local architect Goran Niksic, the art historian realized that

PP. 46-47 GEORG GERSTER / PANOS

the aqueduct to the villa was large enough to supply water to 173,000 people (too big for a residence, but about right for a factory). The local water contains natural sulfur, which can be used to fix dyes. Belamaric concluded that Diocletian's estate included some sort of manufacturing center—probably for textiles, as the surrounding hills were filled with sheep and the region was known for its fabrics.

It's long been thought that Diocletian built his villa here because of the accommodating harbor and beautiful seascape, not to mention his own humble roots in the region. But Belamaric speculates it was also an existing textile plant that drew the emperor here, "and it probably continued during his residence, generating valuable income."

In fact, most imperial Roman villas were likely working farms or factories beneficial to the economy of the empire. "The Roman world was an agriculturally based one," says Fentress. "During the late republic we begin to see small farms replaced by larger villas." Although fish and grains were important, the predominant crop was grapes, and the main product wine. By the first century B.C., wealthy landowners—the emperors among them—were bottling huge amounts of wine and shipping it throughout the Roman Empire. One

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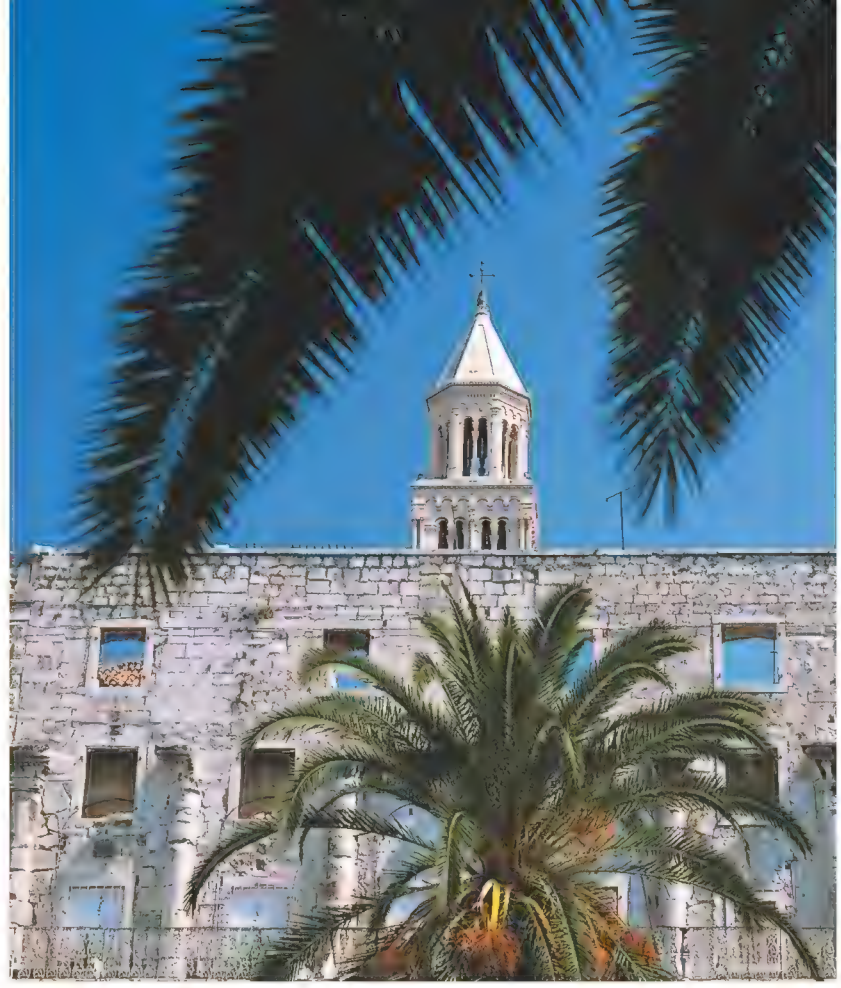
PP. 48-49 IAN CUMMING / AXIOM



Located in the Croatian city of Split, Diocletian's Palace (above), as it is now known, was built by the emperor Diocletian (left) and remains lived in to this day. Although the villa, which offers a stunning view of the city's harbor (far left), was looted over the centuries, a surprising number of its original statues (below) still stand.

IAN CUMMING / AXIOM; ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, ISTANBUL / ERICH LESSING / ART RESOURCE, NY; INGER HOGSTROM / DANITADELIMONT.COM

of the first global export commodities was born.

At Tiberius' villa at Sperlonga, a series of rectangular pools, fed by the ocean nearby, lay in front of the grotto. At first they seem merely decorative. But upon closer inspection, one notices a series of terra-cotta-lined holes, each about six inches in diameter, set into the sides of the pools, just beneath the water's surface. Their likely use? To provide a safe space in which fish could lay their eggs. The villa operated as a fish farm, producing enough fish, Tuck estimates, not only to feed the villa and its guests but also to supply markets in Rome. "It's fantastic to see this dining space that also doubled as a fish farm," says Tuck. "It emphasizes the practical workings of these places."

Maiuro believes that the economic power of the larger villas, which tended to expand as Rome grew more politically unstable, may even have contributed to the empire's decline, by sucking economic—and eventually political—power away from Rome and concentrating it in the hands of wealthy landowners, precursors of the feudal lords who would dominate the medieval period. "Rome was never very well centralized," says Maiuro, "and as the villas grow, Rome fades."

GREAT EXPECTAT

A century ago, the boxer Jack Johnson and the musician Scott Joplin embodied a new sense of possibility for African-Americans **BY MICHAEL WALSH**

TIONS

ON THAT FOURTH OF JULY afternoon 100 years ago, the eyes of the world turned to a makeshift wooden arena that had been hastily assembled in Reno, Nevada. Special deputies confiscated firearms, and movie cameras rolled as a crowd estimated at 20,000 filled the stands surrounding a boxing ring. The celebrities at ringside included fight royalty—John L. Sullivan and James "Gentleman Jim" Corbett—and the novelist Jack London. For the first time in U.S. history, two champions—one reigning, the other retired but undefeated—were about to square off to determine the rightful heavyweight king of the world. But more than a title was at stake.

In one corner stood James Jackson Jeffries, the "Boilermaker," who had retired undefeated six years earlier to farm alfalfa in sunny Burbank, California. The Ohio native had lived in Los Angeles since his teenage years, fighting his way up the ranks until he defeated the British-born Bob Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight championship in 1899. But now, at 35, Jim Jeffries was long past his prime. Six feet one and a half inches tall, he weighed 227 pounds, only two above his old fighting weight—but he had shed more than 70 to get there.

In the other corner was John "Jack" Arthur Johnson, the "Galveston Giant," who had taken the title a year and a half before from Tommy Burns in Sydney, Australia, beating the Canadian fighter so badly that the referee stopped the fight in the 14th round. At 206 pounds, Johnson was lighter than Jeffries, but he was also three years younger, only an inch and a quarter shorter and immeasurably fitter. His head was shaved and his smile flashed gold and everything about him seemed larger than life, including his love of

Jack Johnson (far left) fought Jim Jeffries for more than the undisputed heavyweight title; Scott Joplin (left) aspired to more than "King of Ragtime" renown.

One of the nation's first celebrity athletes, Johnson was known for boxing, women and cars. Clockwise from top left: the boxer in 1901, at age 23; with his first wife, Etta, who committed suicide in 1912; with his second wife, Lucille, whom he married three months later; and with an unidentified passenger, c. 1930. He once challenged auto pioneer Barney Oldfield to a race but lost.

clothes, cars and women. Johnson had everything in his favor except that he was African-American.

A *New York Times* editorial summed up a common view: "If the black man wins, thousands and thousands of his ignorant brothers will misinterpret his victory as justifying claims to much more than physical equality with their white neighbors." Jeffries was blunter: "I am going into this fight for the sole purpose of proving that a white man is better than a Negro."

One of the nation's first celebrity athletes, Jack Johnson also provided a rough foreshadowing of the political theories of a 42-year-old educator from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, named W.E.B. Du Bois. William Edward Burghardt Du Bois was the first African-American to receive a PhD from Harvard and was a founder of the new National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. He had concluded that to achieve racial equality, black people would first have to seize political power by organizing, demanding their rights and not backing down.

Such were the stakes when the bell rang for the first round of what would be called the Fight of the Century.

AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, another African-American was making history on the other side of the country. In a boardinghouse at 128 West 29th Street in New York City—a block from Tin Pan Alley—Scott Joplin was feverishly putting the finishing touches on the libretto and score of an opera he was certain would be his masterpiece: *Treemonisha*.

A mild-mannered, self-effacing man who was in almost every way the opposite of Jack Johnson, Joplin had shot to

MICHAEL WALSH *is the author of a biography of Andrew Lloyd Webber. The most recent of his several novels is* Hostile Intent.

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fame in 1899 with the publication of the "Maple Leaf Rag," the first million-selling piece of instrumental sheet music in America. Born in the last half of 1867 near Texarkana, Texas, to Giles and Florence Joplin, a freedman and a freeborn woman, he grew up with five siblings on the black side of town. He studied piano with a German-born teacher named Julius Weiss, who exposed him to European musical culture. Joplin left home early, kicked around Texas and the Mississippi River Valley as a saloon and bordello pianist, spent time in St. Louis and Chicago, and took music courses at the George R. Smith College in Sedalia, Missouri, about 90 miles east of Kansas City. In 1907, after a failed marriage and the death of his second wife, Joplin moved to New York.

Although Joplin did not invent ragtime—his friend Tom Turpin, a saloonkeeper in St. Louis' Chestnut Valley sporting district in the late 19th century, was one of a few forerunners—he raised what had been a brothel entertainment into the realm of high art, taking the four-square beat of the traditional march, adding a touch of African syncopation and throwing in the lyricism of bel canto operas and Chopin nocturnes. Joplin, however, wanted more than fame as the "King of Ragtime."

Joplin adhered to the philosophy of Booker T. Washington, who traced his rise out of bondage in the celebrated autobiography *Up from Slavery* and founded the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Where Du Bois, the scion of a family of New England landholders, aimed his message at what he called the "Talented Tenth" of the African-American population, Booker Taliaferro Washington advocated a by-the-bootstraps approach for the masses, one that accepted segregation as a necessary, temporary evil while African-Americans overcame the baleful legacy of slavery. Born in 1856, the son of a white man and a slave woman in Virginia, he preached that training and education were the keys to racial advancement. The Negro, he maintained, had to demonstrate equality with the European by exhibiting the virtues of patience, industry, thrift and usefulness. "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers," he said in his famous Atlanta Compromise speech of 1895, "yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress."

Booker T. Washington (left: in 1894) accepted segregation as an unfortunate way station on the road to African-American equality. W.E.B. Du Bois (right: in 1907) would be less patient.

Washington's message was reflected in Joplin's opera: set in the aftermath of the Civil War in Arkansas, *Treemonisha* told the tale of a wondrous infant girl found under a tree by a newly freed, childless couple named Ned and Monisha. Educated by a white woman, the girl, Treemonisha, rises to lead her people, defeating evil conjurers who would keep them enslaved by superstition, advocating education and bringing her followers triumphantly into the light of Reason to the strains of one of Joplin's greatest numbers, "A Real Slow Drag."

Joplin had long dreamed of a grand synthesis of Western and African musical traditions, a work that would announce to white America that black music had come of age. With *Treemonisha*, he felt that goal was in his grasp.

THE FIRST DECADE of the 20th century followed a period of disillusion and disenfranchisement for African-Americans. Starting in 1877 with the end of Reconstruction—when Republican President Rutherford B. Hayes withdrew federal troops from former Confederate states under an agreement that had secured him the disputed presidential election of the preceding year—the promises of emancipation proved hollow as newly elected Southern Democrats passed Jim Crow laws that codified segregation. In the 1890s alone, 1,111 African-Americans were lynched nationwide.

When President Theodore Roosevelt received Booker T. Washington for dinner at the White House in 1901, black America was electrified; Joplin memorialized the event in his first opera, *A Guest of Honor*, now lost, and he based his rag "The Strenuous Life" on TR's landmark 1899 speech extolling the "life of toil and effort, of labor and strife." But the White House visit was ridiculed across the South. (Back in Sedalia, the *Sentinel* published a derisive poem titled "N——s in the White House" on its front page.)

In his 1954 study *The Negro in American Life and Thought*, Rayford Logan characterized the decades before the turn of the century as "the nadir" for African-Americans. The historian David Levering Lewis agrees. "It was a time of especially brutal relations between the races," says the winner of two Pulitzer Prizes for his two-volume biography of Du Bois. "By 1905, segregation has been poured in concrete, as it were. Blacks can't ride buses, go to vaudeville shows or the cinema unless they sat in the crow's nest. [Blacks and whites] begin to live parallel lives, although not on an even plane."

By the end of the decade, black Americans had begun the Great Migration northward, leaving the old Confederacy for the industrial cities of the North. Between 1910 and 1940, an estimated 1.75 million black Southerners would uproot themselves and settle not only in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, but also in such smaller cities as Dayton, Toledo and Newark. "A new type of Negro is evolving—a city Negro," the sociologist Charles S. Johnson would write in 1925. "In ten years, Negroes have been actually transplanted

AP IMAGES; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION / ART RESOURCE, NY

from one culture to another." That same year, the intellectual Alain Locke said the "New Negro" had "renewed self-respect and self-dependence" and was slipping "from under the tyranny of social intimidation and . . . shaking off the psychology of imitation and implied inferiority."

That tide of hope was just starting to rise in 1910, as early-arriving black migrants discovered opportunities previously denied them. Sports and entertainment long existed on the margins of polite society, where they provided immigrants—often marginalized and despised—a means of clawing their way toward the American dream. Now, it seemed, African-Americans might tread the same path.

The first all-black musical on Broadway, *Clorindy; or, the Origin of the Cakewalk*, had been a sensation in 1898, and its composer, Will Marion Cook, would have another triumph five years later with *In Dahomey*. Although largely forgotten today, Cook, an African-American from Washington, D.C., was a pioneer: he had been educated at Oberlin College and in Berlin, where he studied violin at the Hochschule für Musik; he then worked with Antonin Dvorak at the National Conservatory of Music in New York City.

After *Clorindy*'s opening-night triumph at the Casino Theatre at West 39th Street and Broadway, Cook recalled: "I was so delirious that I drank a glass of water, thought it wine and got glorious drunk. Negroes at last were on Broadway, and there to stay. . . . We were artists and we were going a long way. We had the world on a string tied to a runnin' red-geared wagon on a down-hill pull."

True, the ride would be rough—at the height of a Manhattan race riot on August 15, 1900, whites had singled out black entertainers—but by 1910 it at least seemed underway. "For a moment it indeed looked like African-Americans were arriving on Broadway in numbers as large as Jews, and that's very important," says historian Lewis. "It led to some aspiration, in terms of poetry and music, that could indeed soften the relations between the races."

Jack London (right: in 1916) urged Jeffries (left: c. 1900) to come out of retirement and "remove that smile from Johnson's face."

Sports were not so different, especially boxing, where the races mingled relatively freely. Peter Jackson, a black native of St. Croix, fought leading black contenders such as Joe Jeannette and Sam McVey, both contemporaries of Jack Johnson, and fought Gentleman Jim Corbett to a 61-round draw in 1891. Even though blacks and whites met in the ring, the heavyweight title was considered sacrosanct, a symbol of white superiority. Thus Johnson's demolition of Tommy Burns in 1908 stunned the sporting world, which

Share this story and watch the Johnson-Jeffries fight at smith.hy.pr/1910

BETTMANN / CORBIS (2); HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION / CORBIS; AP IMAGES

"Don't rush, Jim. I can do this all afternoon," Johnson taunted Jeffries. And he did; in the 15th round (above), Jeffries went down for the first time in his career—and then went down twice more. A trainer stopped the fight to spare him from a knockout.

shunned him as the legitimate champ. Since Jeffries had retired undefeated, the only way Johnson could place his title beyond dispute was to beat Jeffries in the ring.

"With the rise of modern heavyweight champions, race was at the center of nearly every important heavyweight drama," David Remnick, a Muhammad Ali biographer, wrote in the London *Guardian*'s *Observer Sport Monthly* in 2003. "First came John L. Sullivan, who refused to cross the color line and face a black challenger. Then came Jim Jeffries, who swore he would retire 'when there are no white men left to fight'. . . . Jeffries seemed to have the support of all of white America," including, Remnick noted, the press, led by celebrated newspaperman and novelist Jack London, an occasional boxing correspondent for the *New York Herald*. The editors of *Collier's* magazine wrote that "Jeffries would surely win because . . . the white man, after all, has thirty centuries of traditions behind him—all the supreme efforts, the inventions and the conquests, and whether he knows it or not, Bunker Hill and Thermopylae and Hastings and Agincourt."

AT FIRST GLANCE, it seems that the two men are dancing. Johnson, tall, broad-shouldered and bullet-headed, keeps his opponent at arm's length, his gloves open. Jeffries charges, Johnson retreats, as agile as the young Ali (when he fought under his given name, Cassius Clay), swatting away punches as if they were butterflies. "He was catching punches," says boxing historian Bert Sugar. "Jack Johnson was perhaps the greatest defensive heavyweight of all time."

The Johnson-Jeffries fight was of such intense interest that it was filmed to be shown in movie theaters worldwide. Three years before the federal income tax was levied, promoter Tex Rickard paid each fighter $50,000 (worth about $1.16 million in 2010) for the film rights, to go with a signing bonus of $10,000 apiece; the winner would also take two-thirds of the purse of $101,000.

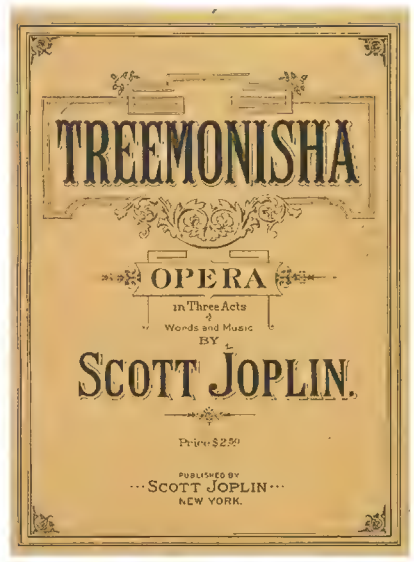
Watching the film today, one sees immediately how commanding a ring general Johnson was. Once it became clear, in the early rounds, that the once-fearsome Jeffries couldn't hurt him, Johnson toyed with his opponent, keeping up a running stream of commentary directed at Jeffries, but even more so at a not-so-gentlemanly Jim Corbett in Jeffries' corner. Corbett had showered Johnson with racist invective from the moment the fighter entered the ring, and a majority of the crowd had joined in. Many of the spectators were calling for Jeffries to kill his opponent.

"Jack Johnson was a bur in the side of society," notes Sugar. "His win over Tommy Burns in 1908 was the worst thing that had happened to the Caucasian race since Tamerlane. Here was Johnson, flamboyantly doing everything—running around with white women, speeding his cars up and down streets and occasionally crashing them—all of it contributed to find somebody to take him on. Jack London had written: 'Jeffries must emerge from his alfalfa farm and remove that smile from Johnson's face.'"

Instead, Johnson's swift jab and eviscerating counterpunches began to take their toll as Johnson turned the tables on his tormentors. "Don't rush, Jim. I can do this all afternoon," he said to Jeffries in the second round, hitting the big man again.

BETTMANN / CORBIS

"How do you feel, Jim?" he taunted in the 14th. "How do you like it? Does it hurt?" Dazed and bleeding, Jeffries could barely keep his feet, and Corbett fell silent. In Round 15, Jeffries went down for the first time in his career. Johnson hovered nearby—there were no neutral corners in those days—and floored the former champ again the minute he regained his feet. Now a different cry went up from the crowd: Don't let Johnson knock Jeffries out. As Jeffries went down yet again, knocked against the ropes, his second jumped into the ring to spare his man, and the fight was over. The audience filed out in near-silence as Tex Rickard raised Johnson's arm in triumph; across America, blacks poured into the streets in celebration. Within hours scuffling broke out in cities across the country.



Joplin (c. 1903) believed *Treemonisha* melded European and African musical traditions. But he could find no one to stage it.

The next day, the nation's newspapers toted up the carnage. The *Atlanta Constitution* carried a report from Roanoke, Virginia, saying that "six negroes with broken heads, six white men locked up and one white man, Joe Chockley, with a bullet wound through his skull and probably fatally wounded, is the net result of clashes here tonight." In Philadelphia, the *Washington Post* reported, "Lombard Street, the principal street in the negro section, went wild in celebrating the victory, and a number of fights, in which razors were drawn, resulted." In Mounds, Illinois, according to the *New York Times*, "one dead and one mortally wounded is the result of the attempt of four negroes to shoot up the town. . . . A negro constable was killed when he attempted to arrest them." In all, as many as 26 people died and hundreds were injured in violence related to the fight. Almost all of them were black.

In the following days, officials or activists in many localities began pushing to bar distribution of the fight film. There were limited showings, without incident, before Congress passed a law forbidding the interstate transportation of boxing films in 1912. That ban would hold until 1940.

Johnson continued his flamboyant ways, challenging the white establishment at every turn. With some of the winnings from the fight, he opened the Café de Champion, a Chicago nightclub, and adorned it with Rembrandts he had picked up in Europe. In October 1910, he challenged race car driver Barney Oldfield and lost twice on a five-mile course at the Sheepshead Bay track in Brooklyn. ("The manner in which he out-drove and out-stripped me convinced me that I was not meant for that sport," Johnson would write in his autobiography.) And he continued dating, and marrying, white women. His first wife, Etta Duryea, shot herself to death in September 1912. Later that fall, he was arrested and charged under the Mann Act, the 1910 law that prohibited the transportation of women across state lines for "immoral purposes." (The arrest did not prevent his marriage to Lucille Cameron, a 19-year-old prostitute, that December.) Tried and convicted in 1913, he was sentenced to a year and a day in prison.

Rather than face jail, Johnson fled to France, where he defended his title against a succession of nonentities. He finally lost it in another outdoor ring under a broiling sun in Havana in 1915 to Jess Willard, a former mule seller from Kansas who had risen to become the leading heavyweight contender. Once again, the heavyweight division had a white champion.

In 1920, Johnson returned to the United States to serve his year in prison. Released on July 9, 1921, at age 43, he fought, and mostly lost, a series of inconsequential fights. In 1923, he bought a nightclub on Lenox Avenue in Harlem, Jack Johnson's Café de Luxe; the gangster Owney Madden took it over and transformed it into the famed Cotton Club. Divorced from Lucille in 1924, Johnson married Irene Pineau, who was also white, a year later. In 1946, racing his Lincoln Zephyr from Texas to New York for the second Joe Louis-Billy Conn heavyweight title fight at Yankee Stadium, he hit a telephone pole near Raleigh, North Carolina. It was the only crash Jack Johnson failed to walk away from. He was 68.

No black man would hold the heavyweight title again until 1937, when Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, scored an eight-round knockout of James J. Braddock, the last of the Irish heavyweight champions.

IN NEW YORK CITY, Joplin had undertaken a struggle all his own. Although he couldn't find a publisher or backers to produce *Treemonisha*, the composer grew ever more determined to see his masterwork fully staged. According to *King of Ragtime*, Edward A. Berlin's 1994 biography of Joplin, there had been a full-cast run-through without orchestra, scenery or costumes some time in 1911 for an audience of 17 people, and in May 1915, Joplin would hear a student orchestra play the Act II ballet, "Frolic of the Bears." "The only orchestrally performed selection from his opera that Joplin was ever to hear," Berlin wrote, "was apparently short of success."

In late 1914, his health failing, Joplin moved with his third wife, Lottie Stokes, to a handsome brownstone in Harlem, where his output of piano rags dwindled to almost nothing. To make ends meet, Lottie took in boarders; in

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES / GETTY IMAGES; LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Treemonisha **(above: Alpha Floyd in the title role) received its première in Atlanta's Memorial Arts Center in 1972, 55 years after its author died. In 1976, the Pulitzer Prize committee cited Joplin posthumously for his contributions to American music.**

short order she turned the house over to prostitution. Joplin took himself to a studio apartment on West 138th Street and kept working. While awaiting his opera's fate, he wrote the ineffably poignant "Magnetic Rag" of 1914, which stands as his farewell to the genre.

In October 1915, Joplin began to experience memory loss and other symptoms of what would turn out to be tertiary syphilis, most likely contracted during his youth in the Midwest. He had never been a virtuoso at the piano, and now his skills began to fade. A series of piano rolls he made in 1916 record the decline; a version of "Maple Leaf Rag" he performed for the Uni-Record company is almost painful to hear. According to Berlin, Joplin announced the completion of a musical comedy, *If*, and the start of his *Symphony No. 1*, but as his mind deteriorated along with his health, he destroyed many manuscripts, fearing they would be stolen after his death.

In January 1917 he was admitted to Bellevue Hospital, then transferred to the Manhattan State Hospital on Ward's Island in the East River. He died at age 49 from what his death certificate listed as dementia paralytica on April 1, 1917, and was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery in Queens. In *The New York Age*, a black newspaper, editor Lester Walton attributed his death to the failure of *Treemonisha*.

He had died too soon. A few years later, Harlem's artistic community reached critical mass, as poets, painters, writers and musicians poured into the area. West 138th Street began to be known by a new name: Striver's Row. The Harlem Renaissance had begun and would bear its full fruit over the next decade and into the 1930s. Says Lewis: "It was a moment missed, and yet at the same time enduring."

IN 1915, THE YEAR Johnson lost the title to Jess Willard, Booker T. Washington joined other black leaders to protest the celebratory racism of D. W. Griffith's silent film *The Birth of a Nation*. Exhausted from a lifetime of overwork, Washington collapsed from hypertension in New York City and died in Tuskegee on November 14 at the age of 59.

In 1961, W.E.B. Du Bois concluded that capitalism was "doomed to self-destruction" and joined the Communist Party USA. The man who had cited as his only link to Africa "the African melody which my great-grandmother Violet used to sing" moved to Ghana. He died in 1963, at age 95.

In 1972, *Treemonisha* finally was given its world première, by conductor Robert Shaw and the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, together with the music department of Morehouse College. "Warmth seemed to radiate from the stage to the capacity audience and back," wrote the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*'s music critic, Chappell White, and while it was clear that Joplin "was an amateur in the literary elements of opera," his work reflected "remarkable daring and originality." Three years later, a production by the Houston Grand Opera played for eight weeks on Broadway. And in 1976, the Pulitzer Prize committee awarded Scott Joplin a posthumous citation for his contributions to American music.

In July 2009, both houses of Congress passed a resolution urging President Obama to pardon Jack Johnson posthumously for his 1913 conviction under the Mann Act. As of press time, the White House had declined to say how the president would act.

EBONY MAGAZINE / AP IMAGES

Comeback!

Atlantic puffins had nearly vanished from the Maine coast until a young biologist defied conventional wisdom to lure them home, inspiring bird-recovery programs worldwide

BY MICHELLE NIJHUIS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSÉ AZEL

Highly social creatures, puffins nest in crowded colonies and congregate on "loafing ledges" when not tending their young or fishing. On Eastern Egg Rock, off Maine's coast, researchers label favored hangouts (above: Sandwich Rock) to help track the birds and monitor their behavior.

Impossibly cute, with pear-shaped bodies, beak and eye markings as bright as clown makeup and a wobbly, slapstick walk, Atlantic puffins were once a common sight along the Maine coast. But in the 19th and early 20th centuries people collected eggs from puffins and other seabirds for food, a practice memorialized in the names of Eastern Egg Rock and other islands off the coast of New England. Hunters shot the plump birds for meat and for feathers to fill pillows and adorn women's hats.

By 1901, only a single pair of Atlantic puffins was known to nest in the United States—on Matinicus Rock, a barren island 20 miles from the Maine coast. Wildlife enthusiasts paid the lighthouse keeper to protect the two birds from hunters.

Things began to change in 1918, when the Migratory Bird Treaty Act banned the killing of many wild birds in the United States. Slowly, puffins returned to Matinicus Rock.

But not to the rest of Maine. Islands that puffins had once inhabited had become enemy territory, occupied by colonies of large, aggressive, predatory gulls that thrived on the debris generated by a growing human population. Though puffins endured elsewhere in their historic range—the North Atlantic coasts of Canada, Greenland, Iceland and Britain—by the 1960s the puffin was all but forgotten in Maine.

In 1964, then 18-year-old Stephen Kress was so smitten with nature that he signed up to spend the summer washing dishes at a National Audubon Society camp in Connecticut. There Carl Buchheister, president of the Audubon Society, entertained the kitchen crew with stories about his seabird research on the cliffs of Matinicus Rock. Kress, who had grown up in Columbus, Ohio, went on to attend Ohio State, where he earned a degree in zoology; he then worked as a birding instructor in New Brunswick, Canada, where he visited islands overflowing with terns, gulls—and puffins.

When, in 1969, Kress landed his dream job, as an instructor at the Hog Island Audubon Camp on the Maine coast, the islands he visited seemed desolate, with few species other than large gulls. He wondered if puffins could be transplanted so the birds might once again accept these islands as home. No one had ever tried to transplant a bird species before.

"I just wanted to believe it was possible," Kress says.

Though a handful of wildlife biologists supported him, others dismissed the idea. There were still plenty of puffins in Iceland, some pointed out; why bother? Others insisted the birds were hard-wired to return only to the place where they had hatched and would never adopt another home. Still others accused Kress of trying to play God.

Kress argued that bringing puffins back to Maine could help the entire species. As for playing God, Kress didn't see

Stephen Kress (below left: c. 1985 with a puffin chick beneath a puffin decoy at Seal Island National Wildlife Refuge, and below right: 2009, on Maine's Eastern Egg Rock) used his knowledge of puffin social behavior to lure the birds back to sites they had abandoned, after extensive hunting and egging, a century before. "I just wanted to believe it was possible," the researcher says.

LOWER LEFT: JONATHAN BLAIR / NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STOCK

a problem. "We'd been playing the Devil for about 500 years," says Tony Diamond, a Canadian seabird researcher who has collaborated with Kress for decades. "It was time to join the other side."

KRESS WENT TO WORK preparing a place for puffin chicks on Eastern Egg Rock, a seven-acre granite island about eight miles off the coast of Bremen, Maine. Officials with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service shot dozens of gulls and drove off many more to make the island safer for young puffins.

ALL PHOTOS BY JOSÉ AZEL / AURORA; MAP: 5W INFOGRAPHICS

In the summer of 1973, Kress, a research assistant named Kathleen Blanchard and Robert Noyce, a sympathetic summer neighbor (and the founder of Intel), went to Newfoundland's Great Island, one of the largest puffin colonies in North America. It was the first of more than a dozen trips that the Audubon-sponsored "Project Puffin" would make to Great Island.

During each trip, Kress and his team, accompanied by Canadian Wildlife Service staffers, clambered up the island's steep banks and plunged their arms into the long, narrow burrows that puffins dig in soil. Sometimes they extracted a chick, but often they got only a nasty nip from an adult puffin. In total, they collected hundreds of chicks, nestling each in a soup can and storing the cans in carrying cases made for the journey. Making their way past amused customs officials, they flew home to Maine, and, in the wee hours, headed out to Eastern Egg Rock or to nearby Hog Island, where they deposited the chicks in hand-dug burrows.

Kress and his assistants became dutiful puffin parents, camping on the islands and leaving fish inside the burrows twice each day. Nearly all the chicks survived their international adventure, and by late summer were big enough to fledge. At night, Kress hid behind boulders observing the burrows, sometimes glimpsing a young puffin as it hopped into the water and paddled out to sea.

Because young puffins spend a few years at sea before returning home to nest, Kress knew he was in for a long wait. Two years passed, three, then four. There was no sign of homecoming puffins.

Kress also knew that the birds were extremely social, so

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JOSÉ AZEL *is a photographer based in rural western Maine.*

he decided to make Eastern Egg Rock appear more welcoming. He got a woodcarver named Donald O'Brien to create some puffin decoys, and Kress set them out on the boulders, hoping to fool a live puffin into joining the crowd.

Finally, in June 1977, Kress was steering his powerboat toward the island when a puffin landed in the water nearby—a bird wearing leg bands indicating it had been transplanted from Newfoundland to Eastern Egg Rock two years earlier.

But no puffins nested on Eastern Egg Rock that year, or the next. Or the next. A few of the transplanted birds nested with the existing puffin colony on Matinicus Rock, but not one had accepted Eastern Egg Rock as its home.

Shortly before sunset on July 4, 1981, Kress was scanning Eastern Egg Rock with his telescope when he spotted a puffin, beak full of fish, scrambling into a rocky crevice. The bird hopped out, empty-beaked, and flew away, while another adult puffin stood by watching. It was the long-hoped-for evidence of a new chick on the island.

"After 100 years of absence and nine years of working toward this goal," Kress wrote in the island logbook that evening, "puffins are again nesting at Eastern Egg Rock—a Fourth of July celebration I'll never forget."

Today, Eastern Egg Rock hosts more than 100 pairs of nesting puffins. Boatloads of tourists chug out to peer at them through binoculars. Kress and his "puffineers"—biologists and volunteers—have also reintroduced puffins to Seal Island, a former Navy bombing range that now serves as a national wildlife refuge. On Matinicus Rock, also a national wildlife refuge, the puffin population has grown to an estimated 350 pairs. Razorbills, a larger, heavier cousin to the puffin, also nest among the boulders; common and Arctic terns nest nearby. In all, a century after Atlantic puffins almost disappeared from the United States, at least 600 pairs now nest along the Maine coast.

TODAY SEABIRDS AROUND THE WORLD benefit from techniques pioneered by Kress and his puffineers. Bird decoys, recorded calls and in some cases, mirrors—so seabirds will see the movements of their own reflections and find the faux colonies more realistic—have been used to restore 49 seabird species in 14 countries, including extremely rare birds such as the tiny Chatham petrel in New Zealand and the Galápagos petrel on the Galápagos Islands.

"A lot of seabird species aren't willing to come back to islands on their own—they're not adventurous enough," says Bernie Tershy, a seabird researcher at the University of California at Santa Cruz. "So in the big picture, Steve's work is a critical component of protecting seabirds." With more and larger breeding colonies, seabirds are more likely to survive disease outbreaks, oil spills and other disasters.

Despite these successes, seabirds are still declining more quickly than any other group of birds, largely because of invasive predators, habitat loss, pollution and baited hooks

"I'd probably live out here all year if I could," says "puffineer" Juliet Lamb (in boat with Scott Hall, in sunglasses; Liz Zinsser is onshore in camouflage hat). The biologists come to Eastern Egg Rock at the beginning of summer prepared to camp out with the birds for weeks. Much of their time is spent in bird blinds observing and recording seabird behavior (below right: Maki Briggs).

For the past four decades, researchers on Eastern Egg Rock have been observing puffin courtships, counting their chicks and logging the time birds spend in the nest, at rest and at sea. The scientists weigh and measure adults (above) and put colored bands on their legs so that other puffineers can recognize individuals when the birds return the next season to mate and nest.

set out by longline fishing fleets; many species will also likely suffer as climate change leads to rising sea levels and skimpier food supplies, says Tershy.

Project Puffin tactics are already deployed against these new threats. For example, the Bermuda petrel lives on a group of tiny, low-lying atolls off the Bermuda coast, where it is vulnerable to mere inches of sea-level rise or a single powerful storm. Scientists recently employed Kress' techniques to relocate petrel chicks to higher ground, a nearby island called Nonsuch where the birds had been driven off by hunters and invasive species. Last summer, a petrel chick hatched and fledged on Nonsuch Island—the first to do so in almost 400 years.

EASTERN EGG ROCK has a human population of three, minimal electricity and no plumbing. Thousands of gulls swoop over the island, their cries combining into a near-deafening cackle. Terns, their narrow white wings angled like airborne origami sculptures, dive for human heads, the birds' shrill scolds adding to the cacophony. Underfoot, gangs of chubby tern chicks scuttle in and out of the grass, testing their wings with tentative flaps.

On the boulders that rim the island, more seabirds loaf in the midsummer sun, gathering in cliques to gossip and preen—looking for all the world like an avian cocktail party.

A puffin in flight, stumpy wings whirring, careers in for a landing. Orange feet spread wide, it approaches a boulder, wobbles in the air for an instant, and—pop!—hits the rock, a fish shining in its striped, oversized beak. The puffin hops into a crevice between two rocks, presumably to deliver the fish to a hungry chick, and bounds back up to mingle with other puffins before its next expedition.

Each puffin pair raises a single chick. Once the young bird fledges, it heads south, but no one knows exactly where the juveniles spend their first two to three years. Though puffins are speedsters—they can reach 55 miles an hour in flight—their greatest talents are displayed at sea, where they use their feet and wings to maneuver expertly underwater.

"Never let it be said that puffins are awkward," says Kress, who is director of Project Puffin and affiliated with Cornell University. "They can dive more than 200 feet in water, they can burrow like groundhogs and they can scamper over rocks. They're all-purpose birds."

On Eastern Egg Rock, Kress sits in a cramped plywood bird blind on the edge of the island, watching the seabirds toil for their chicks. Even after countless hours hunched behind binoculars, he's still charmed by his charges.

Kress once imagined that he could one day leave the islands for good, the puffin colonies restored and the project's work complete. He was wrong.

It became clear that two large gull species—the herring and black-backed gulls that prey on puffin chicks—weren't going away. Kress had to play God again, this time to give puffins another ally in their battle against gulls: terns.

Terns look delicate and graceful aloft, but they are fighters, known for pugnacious defense of their nests. Working on the island, Kress wears a tam-o'-shanter so that angry terns will swipe at its pompom and not his head. Scott Hall, research coordinator for Project Puffin, wears a baseball cap fitted with bobbing, colorful antennae. Kress believed that the terns, once established, would drive off predatory gulls and act as a "protective umbrella" for the milder-mannered puffins. Unlike gulls, terns don't prey on puffin eggs and chicks.

He and his colleagues used tern decoys, as they had with puffins, and played recorded tern calls through speakers to attract the birds. Again, their tricks worked: well over 8,400 pairs of terns, including 180 pairs of endangered

Puffins are more agile underwater (above) than on land. Kress and his colleagues used the techniques they pioneered with puffins to lure several species of pugnacious terns to nest on Maine islands (below left: tern eggs; below right: Juliet Lamb with a tern chick on Eastern Egg Rock). They hoped, in vain, that the terns might combat aggressive gulls and thus protect puffins.

TOP: DAVID MILLER

Share this story and watch video of the birds at smith.hy.pr/puffins

After almost disappearing entirely from the United States in the early 1900s, puffins have returned in significant numbers to Maine's coastal islands (above: a puffin on Eastern Egg Rock). Once Kress learned how to use decoys to create the illusion of a thriving colony, researchers around the world began to employ his techniques to entice birds to safe new homes.

roseate terns, now nest on the Maine islands where Kress and his team work, up from 1,100 pairs in 1984. But gulls continue to hover on the edges of the islands, waiting for an opportunity to feast on puffin and tern chicks.

Only one species, it seemed, could protect the puffins, the terns and the decades of hard work that Kress and his colleagues had invested: human beings. "People are affecting the ecosystem in all kinds of profound ways, underwater and above water," Kress says. "Just because we bring something back doesn't mean it's going to stay that way."

So each summer, small groups of puffineers live as they have for almost 40 years, in the midst of the seabird colonies on seven islands, where they study the birds and their chicks and defend them against gulls.

On Eastern Egg Rock, Juliet Lamb, a wildlife conservation graduate student at the University of Massachusetts, is back for her fourth summer of living in a tent. She says she thrives on the isolation and even turns down occasional opportunities to visit the mainland for a hot shower. "I'd probably live out here all year if I could," she adds with a laugh. She and two other researchers spend hours each day in bird blinds arrayed on the perimeter of the island watching puffins and terns feed their chicks. As the supervisor of island operations, Lamb also divvies up cooking and outhouse-cleaning duties, maintains the propane refrigerator and makes sure the island's single cabin—which serves as kitchen, pantry, lounge and office—stays reasonably uncluttered. When her chores are finally done, she might climb the ladder to the cabin roof, French horn in hand, and practice until sunset.

Some days are decidedly less peaceful. When the biologists arrive in Maine each spring, they go through firearms training at a local firing range, learning to shoot .22-caliber rifles. In 2009, with permission from state and federal wildlife officials, Lamb and her assistants shot six herring and black-backed gulls, hoping to kill a few especially persistent ones and scare off the rest. Because of a worrying decline in roseate terns, they also destroyed the nests of laughing gulls, a smaller, less threatening species that occasionally eats tern eggs and chicks.

Kress and his colleagues are still dreaming up ways to replace themselves as island guardians. They've experimented with a "Robo Ranger," a mechanized mannequin designed to pop up at random intervals and scare gulls off. The souped-up scarecrow wears a yellow slicker and a rubber Arnold Schwarzenegger mask. To teach the gulls that the mannequin is a serious threat, the biologists sometimes dress up in its costume and shoot a few. But mechanical problems have felled the Robo Ranger for now, leaving people as the puffins' and terns' only line of defense. The puffineers' work is never done.

IN THE MOMENT

Smithsonian magazine 7TH ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

Several of this year's winners happened to be ready at just the right time

ON A RAINY JUNE MORNING, Debra Vanderlaan and a group of her friends gathered at Newfound Gap, a pass through a stretch of the Appalachian Mountains in North Carolina, and prepared to embark on a hike. "As we were readying our packs to start up the trail," Vanderlaan recalls, "the rain subsided for just a moment. Out of a touring vehicle popped these eight young Mennonite women who went right over to the edge of the overlook. They started to climb up on the wall, one by one, and that's when I noticed them standing there all in a row." Vanderlaan instinctively pulled out a point-and-shoot digital camera and was able to snap two shots before the women began to disperse. Thanks to the ubiquity of Vanderlaan's camera, one of those two images won this year's Americana category. (See page 69.) "I always carry my little camera in my pocket," she says.

As digital cameras have become more popular, more people have been capturing those unexpected moments—such as a frog popping its head out from a plant, a newsdealer seemingly overwhelmed by his wares or a sheep standing almost defiantly on a hillside. The cameras also allow photographers to capture familiar sights closer to home, as was the case with Kyaw Kyaw Winn, whose image of young Buddhist monks is this year's grand prize winner. "I am Burmese," he says, "and I like our traditional culture and want to share it with other people around the world."

This year in our five categories—Altered Images, Americana, the Natural World, People and Travel—we received more than 45,000 photographs from 105 countries. A gallery of all the finalist photographs is available at our Web site, Smithsonian.com. The winning photographs and some finalists are on view in the exhibition "Editors' Picks: The Best of Smithsonian Magazine's 7th Annual Photo Contest" at the Smithsonian Castle July 1, 2010-February 28, 2011. **JESSE RHODES**

WINNER: GRAND PRIZE

KYAW KYAW WINN, AGE 30

YANGON, MYANMAR

PHOTOGRAPHED FEBRUARY 2007

Winn traveled north from his home in Yangon to the countryside of old Bagan to capture this image of young Buddhist monks in the Shwesandaw Temple. "I found them lighting candles and praying," Winn says. "You can see monks everywhere in Myanmar."

WINNER: PEOPLE

CSABA MESZAROS, 42
BUDAPEST, HUNGARY
PHOTOGRAPHED FEBRUARY 2009

Meszaros remembers when people would line up at newsstands, and for him this photograph, sadly, is a sign of the times. "Nowadays," he says, "electronic media is more important and interest in print media is falling. The news agent has enough free time to read what he is offering. Twenty years ago, this was unthinkable."

WINNER: AMERICANA

DEBRA VANDERLAAN, 53
LAKE WORTH, FLORIDA
PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE 2009

Even though she owns a more sophisticated camera, Vanderlaan had only a point-and-shoot model on hand when she came upon this scene. Fortunately. "If I had to attach a camera lens or manually focus a more complex camera," she says, "I would have missed this shot completely."

WINNER: THE NATURAL WORLD

LAURIE MCANDISH KING, 54

NOVATO, CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHED APRIL 2009

King was experimenting with a new camera in a local Mendocino County garden when a frog paused for a moment on the leaves of a nearby plant. She snapped; it hopped. "I've gone halfway around the world looking for new experiences," she says. "This photo will always remind me of the beauty in my own backyard."

WINNER: TRAVEL

BERNARDO MEDINA, 57
HOUSTON, TEXAS
PHOTOGRAPHED OCTOBER 2007

"The Karst hills of the Guangzi Province in China filled my head with wonder," says Medina. "I stood there lost in the atmosphere, looking upon a primitive landscape with uncommon beauty while quiet words repeated endlessly in my mind: we are just passing travelers on this old earth."

WINNER: READERS' CHOICE

CONWAY LIAO, 30
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
PHOTOGRAPHED JUNE 2009

"I spent two days with the nomads of Tagong in Sichuan Province, China," Liao recalls. "There was no running water, and we ate wild greens and fungi gathered from the fields. It was the most amazing experience I've ever had, and this photograph reminds me of how simple and happy life can be."

Share this story and see the contest finalists at smith.hy.pr/photofinalists

WINNER:

ALTERED IMAGES

MARTIN BORDAGARAY, 31

CONCORDIA, ARGENTINA

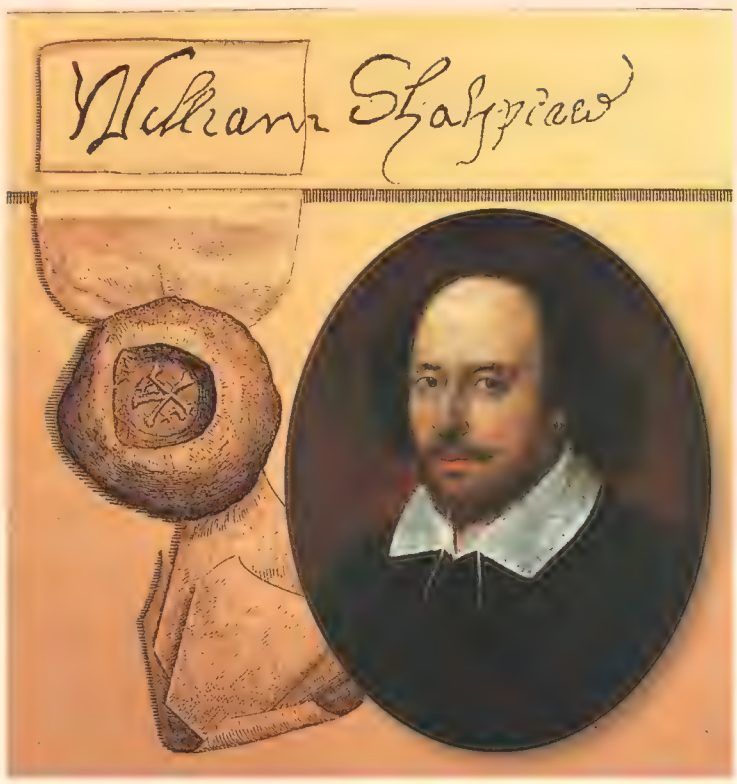
PHOTOGRAPHED
SEPTEMBER 2008

Bordagaray was coming home from a photography excursion in Salto, Uruguay, when he spotted a sheep on a hill. "I stopped my car," he recalls, "grabbed my camera and silently moved toward it, trying not to scare it." The animal stood in the sunset light long enough for him to take this image, to which he added clouds and contrast.

IN THE SPRING OF 1795, a parade of London notables—scholars, peers, a future bishop, England's poet laureate—called at the curio-filled home of an antiquarian named Samuel Ireland. They had come to see some papers that Ireland's 19-year-old son, William-Henry, said he had found while rummaging in an old trunk. Scribbled in faded ink on yellowed paper, they included letters, poetry and other compositions apparently written and signed by William Shakespeare. Until now, nothing in the Bard's own hand was known to survive, except four signatures on legal documents. Most astonishing of all was part of an unknown play purportedly by Shakespeare—a thrilling new addition to the playwright's canon.

James Boswell, Samuel Johnson's esteemed biographer, was one of the visitors. Seated in the Irelands' study, Boswell, now portly and double-chinned, held the various papers up to the lamp and squinted at the florid penmanship for long minutes. Several times, William-Henry would recall, the great man interrupted his inspection to gulp hot brandy and water. Finally, he set the documents down on a table, lowered his bulk unsteadily in genuflection and kissed the topmost page. "I shall now die contented," he breathed, "since I have lived to see the present day." He died three months later at age 54, presumably content.

Much later, William-Henry would say he had been astonished by the brouhaha the "discovery" caused. What had started as a ploy to win the respect of his chilly, Shakespeare-worshiping father grew quickly into one of the most audacious literary hoaxes in history. In a burst of manic energy in 1795, the young law clerk produced a torrent of Shakespearean fabrications: letters, poetry, drawings and, most daring of all, a play longer than most of the Bard's known works. The forgeries were hastily done and forensically implausible, but most of the people who inspected them were blind to their flaws. Francis Webb, secretary of the College of Heralds—an organization known for its expertise in old documents—declared that the newly discovered play was obviously the work of William Shakespeare. "It either comes from his pen," he wrote, "or from Heaven."



At his death, in 1616, William Shakespeare (above: c. 1610) left no literary works in his own handwriting. Nearly two centuries later, lowly law clerk William-Henry Ireland (opposite: c. 1818) forged the Bard's signature and a seal (above) that convinced skeptics. Ireland would go on to create many works attributed to Shakespeare including (opposite) an entire play.

WILLIAM-HENRY IRELAND was an unlikely Shakespeare. He dreamed of being an actor, a poet or perhaps a playwright, but he had been a dismal student, rarely applying himself to his lessons and regularly caned for misbehavior. One of his headmasters, he later recalled, told his father "that I was so stupid as to be a disgrace to his school."

Even the boy's parents saw him as a dullard. Samuel Ireland, a self-important and socially ambitious writer, engraver and collector, went so far as to hint that William-Henry was not his son. The boy's mother did not acknowledge her maternity; as Samuel's mistress, she raised William-Henry and his two sisters by posing as a live-in housekeeper named Mrs. Freeman. Samuel had found the boy an undemanding job as an apprentice to a lawyer friend whose office was a few blocks from the Irelands' home on Norfolk Street in the Strand, at the edge of London's theater district. At the lawyer's chambers, William-Henry passed his days largely unsupervised, surrounded by centuries-old legal documents, which he would occasionally sift through, when asked.

He might have lived out his days in obscurity had it not been for his father's obsession with collecting antiquities. To call on the Ireland home was to step inside Samuel's cabinet of curiosities. Here were paintings by Hogarth and Van Dyck, rare books, a piece of a mummy's shroud and a silver-trimmed goblet carved from the wood of a mulberry tree that Shakespeare was said to have planted in Stratford-upon-Avon.

"Frequently," William-Henry recalled in 1832, "my father would declare, that to possess a single vestige of the poet's hand-writing would be esteemed a gem beyond all price."

Exactly when the idea of forgery took root in William-Henry's mind is unclear. For all his dreams of being a writer, he had produced at most a handful of poems. Shortly be-

FROM SAMUEL IRELAND'S MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS (SEAL); JOHN TAYLOR / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON / BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY INTERNATIONAL; P. 73 DOUG STEWART (TEXT); HUGH DOUGLAS HAMILTON / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

TO BE . . . OR NOT

WILLIAM-HENRY IRELAND COMMITTED THE GREATEST SHAKESPEARE HOAX EVER—AND FOOLED EVEN HIMSELF INTO BELIEVING HE WAS THE BARD'S TRUE LITERARY HEIR

BY DOUG STEWART

fore Christmas in 1794, he decided to try his hand at something new. In one of his father's books, he had noticed Shakespeare's wobbly signature on a facsimile of an old deed. William-Henry quietly carried the book to the law chambers, where he practiced tracing the signature until he could copy it with his eyes shut. Using blank parchment he cut from an old rent roll, he used ink diluted with bookbinders' chemicals to write a new deed. He darkened the ink by holding the parchment close to a flame, then attached wax seals he had cut from an old deed in the office.

After dinner a few evenings later, William-Henry walked into the Ireland drawing room, pulled the new deed from inside his coat and gave it to his father, saying more loudly than he intended, almost as if in defiance: "There, sir! What do you think of that?"

Samuel unfolded the deed and examined it in silence for several minutes, paying special attention to the seals. At last, he refolded the parchment. "I certainly believe it to be a genuine deed of the time," he said, more calmly than William-Henry had hoped.

If the collector was less than convinced, his doubts soon vanished. The next morning, he showed the deed to a friend, Sir Frederick Eden, an expert on old seals. Eden not only pronounced the deed authentic, but also identified the image stamped in the seal directly below Shakespeare's signature. The indistinct T-shaped outline in the wax (which William-Henry hadn't even noticed) was a medieval device called a quintain, Eden explained, a swiveling horizontal bar mounted on a post at which a young horseman would aim his lance when learning to joust.

As to why the Bard had chosen it as his insignia—why, of course, it was an object at which a rider would "shake" his "spear." The two men were exhilarated by their discovery. How could the Bard's signature be anything but authentic, sealed as it was with his own distinctive emblem?

From this William-Henry drew an important lesson: people tend to see what they want to see. All the forger does is suggest a plausible story; his victims fill in the details.

Word spread quickly that the deed had been found, and small groups of Samuel Ireland's friends and fellow collectors would convene in the drawing room in the evenings to discuss it.

"Several persons told me," William-Henry wrote two years later, "that wherever it was found, there must undoubtedly be all the manuscripts of Shakspeare [sic] so long and vainly sought for." He said he had found the deed while rummaging in an old trunk belonging to a Mr. H., a wealthy gentleman friend who wished to remain anonymous. Mr. H., he added, had no interest in old documents and told him to keep whatever he fancied.

His father badgered him relentlessly for more papers. "I was sometimes supplicated; at others, commanded to resume my search among my supposed friend's papers," William-Henry recalled years later, "and not unfrequently taunted as being an absolute idiot for suffering such a brilliant opportunity to escape me."

To appease his father, William-Henry promised him new treasures from the trunk. Cutting the flyleaves from old books to supply himself with antique paper, he produced an array of fakes: contracts with actors, letters to and from Shakespeare, even a love poem to the Bard's fiancée, Anne Hathaway, complete with a lock of hair. To produce the manuscript of a well-known play, the young forger would simply transcribe the printed version into longhand. *Voilà*—the long-lost original! To imitate Elizabethan spelling, he sprinkled terminal e's everywhere. He tinkered with the plays' language as he copied them, omitting lines and adding a few short passages of his own here and there. In short order, he presented his father with an entire first draft of *King Lear*, followed by a fragment of *Hamlet*.

Samuel Ireland (left: in 1776), unaware that his son had concocted the Shakespeare documents, displayed them in his home, with formal visiting hours. One guest was James Boswell (right: 1793), who genuflected before a sampling of fakes and said, "I shall now die contented."

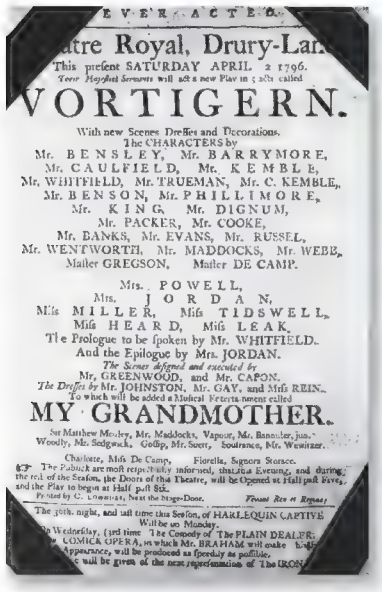
Many of those who came to Norfolk Street to judge the papers' authenticity were unsure of what they were looking for, because drastically rewritten versions of Shakespeare's plays were widespread. That same year, for example, the Theatre Royal at Drury Lane had staged *King Lear* with a happy ending: Cordelia marries Edgar, and Lear, Gloucester and Kent all survive to enjoy a peaceful dotage.

Like hoaxers before and since, William-Henry noticed that the grander his claims, the more eagerly people believed them. His most daring undertaking was that of the unknown play in Shakespeare's handwriting that he claimed to have discovered in Mr. H.'s trunk. "With my usual impetuosity," the forger later confessed, "[I] made known to Mr. Ireland the discovery of such a piece before a single line was really executed." Facing his father's growing impatience to see the play, the young man delivered a scene or two at a time, "as I found time to compose it."

William-Henry chose as his subject a fifth-century English warlord-turned-king named Vortigern and a young woman named Rowena, with whom, according to legend, the king fell in love. Like Shakespeare before him, William-Henry drew on *Holinshed's Chronicles*, a copy of which he borrowed from his father's study. The young man wrote the play

Excerpted from *The Boy Who Would Be Shakespeare*, by Doug Stewart. Copyright © 2010. With the permission of the publisher, Da Capo Press.

HUGH DOUGLAS HAMILTON / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON; GEORGE DANCE / NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON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With new Scenes Dreſſes and Decorations.

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Mr. WHITFIELD, Mr. TRUEMAN, Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Mr. BENSON, Mr. PHILLIMORE,
Mr. KING, Mr. DIGNUM,
Mr. PACKER, Mr. COOKE,
Mr. BANKS, Mr. EVANS, Mr. RUSSEL,
Mr. WENTWORTH, Mr. MADDOCKS, Mr. WEBB,
Maſter GREGSON, Maſter DE CAMP.

Mrs. POWELL,
Mrs. JORDAN,
Miſs MILLER, Miſs TIDSWELL,
Miſs HEARD, Miſs LEAK,

The Prologue to be ſpoken by Mr. WHITFIELD.

And the Epilogue by Mrs. JORDAN.

The Scenes deſigned and executed by

Mr. GREENWOOD, and Mr. CAPON.

The Dreſſes by Mr. JOHNSTON, Mr. GAY, and Miſs REIN.

To which will be added a Muſical Farce, never acted, called

MY GRANDMOTHER.

Sir Matthew Medley, Mr. Maddocks, Vapour, Mr. Bannister, jun.
Woodly, Mr. Sedgwick, Gossip, Mr. Suett, Soutrance, Mr. Wewitzer.

Charlotte, Miſs De Camp, Fiorella, Signora Storace.

☞ The Publick are moſt reſpectfully informed, that on Every Evening, during the reſt of the Seaſon, the Doors of this Theatre, will be Opened at Half paſt Five, and the Play to begin at Half paſt Six.

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The 50th. night, and laſt time this Seaſon, of HARLEQUIN CAPTIVE
Will be on Monday.

On Wednesday, (3rd time The Comedy of The PLAIN DEALER;
A COMICK OPERA, in which Mr. BRAHAM will make his
Appearance, will be produced as ſpeedily as poſſible,
Notice will be given of the next repreſentation of The IRON

William-Henry told his father about a "new" Shakespeare play before writing a single line of it. To allay his father's impatience, he then had to deliver scenes as he finished them. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (above left) had doubts about the finished product (top left: the playbill), but he also had betting debts and a big theater (right) to fill. So he gave *Vortigern* its debut in April 1796.

on ordinary paper in his own handwriting, explaining that it was a transcript of what Shakespeare had written. The supposed original document he produced later on, when he had time to inscribe it on antique paper in a flowery hand.

The new play was choppy and sometimes confusing, the pace uneven, the poetry often trite, but there were passages in *Vortigern and Rowena* that were undeniably gripping. At a banquet in Act IV, the king's sons object when he invites comely Rowena to sit next to him in a seat that belongs to their mother, the queen. Vortigern explodes in rage:

Dare you then my power to account!
Must I, a king, sit here to be unkinged
And stoop the neck to bear my children's yoke?
Begone, I say, lest that my present wrath
Make me forget the place by blood I hold
And break the tie twixt father and his child.

Paternal displeasure was an emotion William-Henry knew all too well. At heart, however, the play was a pastiche of characters and scenes lifted from Shakespeare's repertoire, and it didn't add up to much. But to those who were expecting to encounter the Bard's newly discovered words, it read like a masterpiece.

Norfolk Street soon became a pilgrimage site for Shakespeare lovers; Samuel felt compelled to limit visiting hours to Monday, Wednesday and Friday, noon to 3 p.m. Handling of the parchment deed and the lock of hair was part of the ritual. As for the play, when visitors wondered why Shakespeare had kept this magnum opus hidden from view, William-Henry forged a letter suggesting that the playwright had viewed it as his crowning achievement and wanted more for it than his printer was willing to pay.

Transported by the thought of proximity to Shakespeare's letters and manuscripts, Francis Webb of the College of Heralds wrote a friend: "These papers bear not only the signature of his hand, but also the stamp of his soul, and the traits of his genius." James Boaden, a critic and editor of the London daily *The Oracle*, was equally certain. "The conviction produced upon our mind," he wrote, "is such as to make all skepticism ridiculous."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was not so sure, but the playwright and theatrical impresario needed a hit. A free-spending, hard-drinking gambler and member of Parliament, Sheridan had just expanded the Drury Lane theater to accommodate some 3,500 customers, making it by far the largest in England. The expansion, plus losses from betting, had driven him deeply into debt. Though he'd never been a great admirer of the Bard, he was aware that staging the first première of a Shakespeare play in almost 200 years would fill his cavernous theater night after night.

VORTIGENSTUDIES.ORG; AKG-IMAGES; JOHN RUSSELL / GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK

In the spring of 1795, Sheridan came by the Irelands' home to evaluate *Vortigern*. Seated in the study, he read a few pages, then stopped at a passage that struck him as unpoetic—clumsy, in fact.

"This is rather strange," he said, "for though you are acquainted with my opinion as to Shakespeare, yet, be it as it may, he certainly always wrote poetry." After a few more pages, Sheridan stopped again and looked up at his host. "There are certainly some bold ideas, but they are crude and undigested. It is very odd: one would be led to think that Shakespeare must have been very young when he wrote the play."

But then he added that no one could doubt that the collected documents were Shakespeare's, because "who can possibly look at the papers and not believe them ancient?" Sheridan didn't think *Vortigern* was very good, but he nevertheless wanted it for Drury Lane. The play would have its première there the following April.

ed to deceive the public." He judged them to be the work of "some person of genius and talents"—not one of the Irelands, certainly—who "ought to have been better employed." But he kept this verdict private; after all, a scholar or antiquary risked lifelong infamy if he denounced as fraudulent a poem or a play that was later proved to be Shakespeare's. So doubts about the papers' authenticity took the form of rumors.

To counter them, a core group of believers, including Boswell, drew up a Certificate of Belief stating that they "entertained no doubt whatsoever as to the validity of the Shaksperian [sic] production." Meanwhile, Samuel kept nagging his son for an introduction to Mr. H. and a chance to dig through the man's trunk himself. William-Henry reminded

After the *Vortigern* première, doubts about the Shakespeare papers were freely voiced. Caricaturist John Nixon implicated the entire Ireland family in the scam (from left: William-Henry, his sister Anna Maria, his father, his mother and his sister Jane).

WILLIAM-HENRY WAS AWARE that the steadier the flow of visitors to Norfolk Street, the more likely that doubters would begin to make their voices heard. He was particularly nervous about a visit from Joseph Ritson, a critic known for his biliousness. "The sharp physiognomy, the piercing eye and the silent scrutiny of Mr. Ritson filled me with a dread I had never before experienced," William-Henry would later write.

After studying the papers, Ritson wrote to a friend that they were "a parcel of forgeries, studiously and ably calculat-

his father of Mr. H.'s insistence on complete anonymity, citing the man's dread that Shakespeare cultists would badger him with "impertinent" questions about the artifacts. After William-Henry suggested an exchange of letters instead, Samuel developed a lively correspondence with the elusive gentleman. In courteous language and graceful handwriting that the collector failed to recognize as his son's, Mr. H.'s letters extolled William-Henry's character and abilities.

Samuel announced plans to publish a volume containing the Shakespeare papers in facsimile. The price would be four guineas—about what a workingman earned in two months. William-Henry objected vehemently, claiming that Mr. H. had refused permission. Until now, the papers had been hard-to-read curios, available only to guests of the

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Irelands. Once William-Henry's prose and poetry were set in type, the texts would be subject to clear-eyed scrutiny by strangers. "I had an idea of hazarding every opprobrium, and confessing the fact [of forgery], rather than witness the publication of the papers," he would later write.

And yet he was also beginning to delude himself: the stunning success of his novice compositions was making him feel that he—a poorly educated lad with a pointless job, a dunce and a failure in the eyes of the world—was the Sweet Swan of Avon's true literary heir. Of course, for the world to recognize his rare talent, he would have to reveal his authorship—and to confess to being a make-believe Shakespeare would expose the Bard's admirers, and especially his father, to ridicule.

His father published the Shakespeare papers on Christmas Eve 1795. Several of London's high-spirited newspapers pounced with glee. The *Telegraph* published a mock letter from the Bard to his friend and rival Ben Jonson: "Deeree Sirree, Wille youe doee meee theee favvourree too dinnee wythee meee onn Friddaye nextte, attt twoo off theee clockee, too eattee sommee muttonne choppes andd somme poottaattoooeesse." Such mockery only fanned public interest. On the central question of whether Shakespeare had written the papers, most people had yet to make up their minds. Forgeries, then as now, were notoriously hard to detect from the style and quality of the writing; over the centuries, Shakespeare's canon would be added to (*Pericles*) and subtracted from (*The London Prodigal*) as scholars debated whether the playwright was working with a collaborator and, if so, who might have written what. Samuel Ireland's claims were no more dubious than much of what then passed for literary scholarship. And his numerous supporters included scholars, collectors, clergymen, poet laureate Henry James Pye, a gaggle of MPs and an assortment of earls and dukes.

In the title role, noted actor John Philip Kemble (as Richard III, c. 1788) played *Vortigern* for laughs.

To the few voices that had been raised publicly against them, Edmond Malone now added his. The editor of Shakespeare's complete works, who was widely considered England's foremost expert on the author, published a book-length exposé on the Ireland papers, attacking them as a "clumsy and daring fraud" riddled with errors and contradictions. Of a thank-you letter to the Bard supposedly written by Queen Elizabeth herself, Malone wrote that the spelling "is not only not the orthography of Elizabeth, or of her time, but is for the most part the orthography of no age whatsoever." He noted the absurd unlikelihood that so many disparate items would end up in the same magical trunk. He didn't know who had forged them, but he had no doubt that someone had.

More harmful than Malone's opinion was his timing: in the hope of inflicting the most damage, he published on March 31, 1796—just two days before the première of *Vortigern*.

Malone's exposé sold out before the play opened, and it caused an uproar—but it wasn't the fatal blow he had hoped for. His arguments were too pedantic and unfocused to win over everyone, and his boastful, insulting tone didn't help. William-Henry was grimly amused that this "generalissimo of the non-believers," as he called the critic, took 424 pages to say the papers were such an obvious forgery that one could see through them at a glance.

In any case, few British theatergoers relied on textual analysis. John Philip Kemble, the reigning star of the London stage, doubted the play's authenticity even as he rehearsed for the lead role, but Sheridan suggested he let the audience decide for itself: "You know very well that an Englishman considers himself as good a judge of Shakespeare as of his pint of porter."

Vortigern's opening-night audience would be ready to judge the play's authorship—and by extension, that of the other Ireland papers—well before the final lines were spoken.

A FULL HOUSE—A FIRST for Drury Lane's vast new building—was on hand for the opening, Saturday, April 2, 1796. At least as many people were turned away. With all the dignity he could muster, Samuel Ireland forced his way to a large box in the center of the theater, visible to everyone. William-Henry slipped inside through a stage door and watched from the wings.

The first two acts of the five-act play went well enough. There was little of the London theatergoers' customary heckling and catcalling, and several of William-Henry's speeches were applauded. The echoes of familiar Shakespeare plays were impossible to miss—it was *Macbeth* crossed with *Hamlet*, with touches of *Julius Caesar* and *Richard III*. The very familiarity of the characters and situations, in fact, may have reassured many in the audience.

But not everyone. *Vortigern* was obviously not a theatrical masterpiece, regardless of who had written it. The first hint of disaster came in the third act, when a bit player—a

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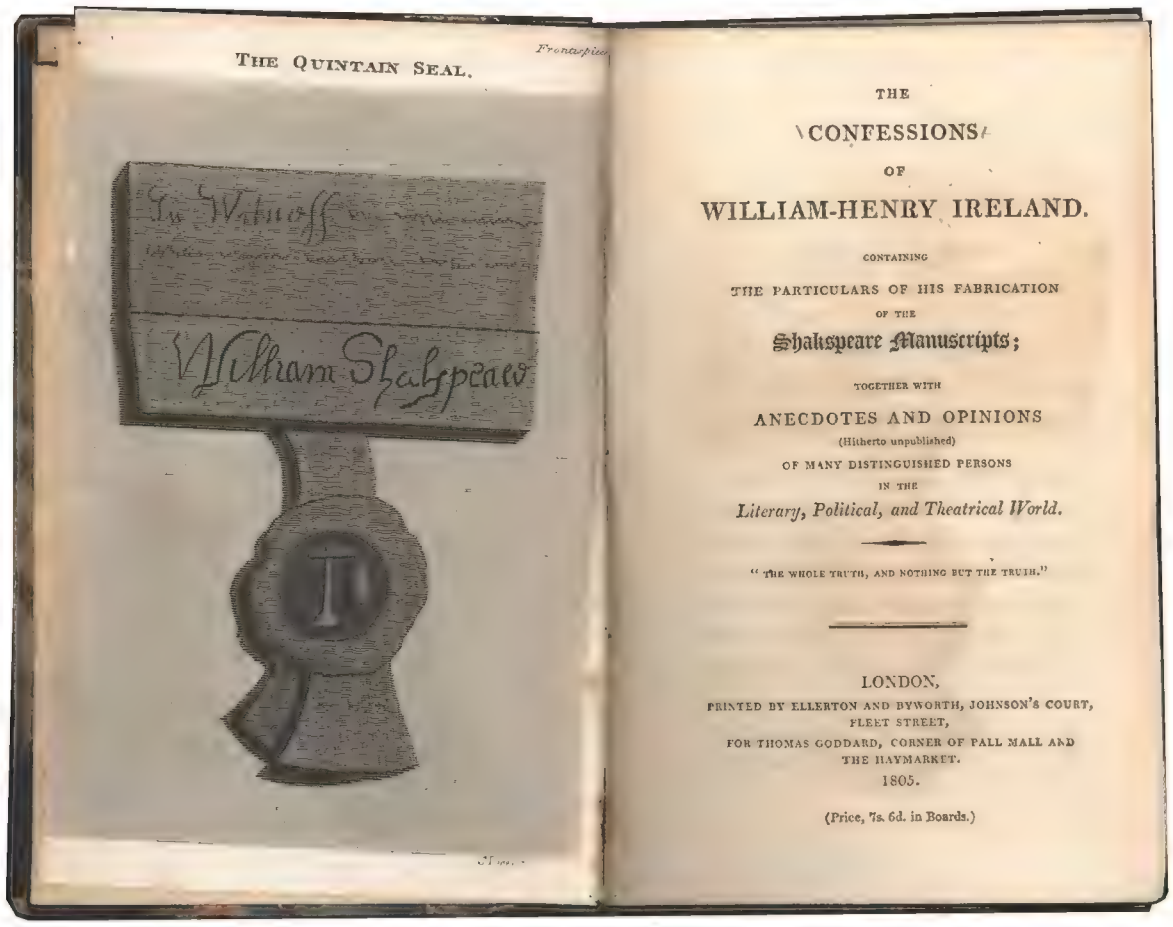
skeptic, like Kemble—overplayed his lines for laughs. The crowd grew more restive in the final act, when Kemble as King Vortigern addressed Death with mock solemnity:

O! then thou dost ope wide thy hideous jaws,
And with rude laughter, and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;
And when this solemn mockery is ended—

The last line he intoned in a ghoulish, drawn-out voice, which provoked several minutes of laughter and whistling. Kemble repeated the line—leaving no doubt as to what mockery he was referring to—and the crowd erupted again. The performance might have ended there, but Kemble stepped forward to ask the audience to permit the show to go on.



Samuel Ireland refused to believe his son had the talent for fraud. William-Henry vacated his father's house in a huff. His published *Confessions* (above) included the fake seal showing a quintain, the object at which a jouster would "shake" his "spear."

The final curtain brought enthusiastic applause as well as prolonged booing; not all of those on hand had joined in the disruptions, and many undoubtedly believed they had just witnessed a new work by William Shakespeare. But then an onstage announcement that *Vortigern* would be repeated the following Monday evening was shouted down. In the pit, fighting broke out among believers and nonbelievers. The chaos lasted for nearly 20 minutes, and subsided only after Kemble took the stage to announce that Sheridan's own *School for Scandal* would replace *Vortigern* on Monday's bill.

The reviews that began appearing in the newspapers that Monday were scorching. Taking their cue from Malone, commentators denounced *Vortigern* as fabricated nonsense. A few responses were more temperate. Poet laureate Pye observed that the audience's unruliness was no proof of forgery. "How many persons were there in the theatre that night," he asked, "who, without being led, could distinguish between the merits of *King Lear* and *Tom Thumb*? Not twenty."

TO HIS OWN SURPRISE, William-Henry was relieved by the fiasco. His long-running subterfuge had reduced him to a state of bitter exhaustion. After the audience's judgment, he later wrote, "I retired to bed, more easy in my mind than I had been for a great length of time, as the load was removed which had oppressed me." But the debate over the Shakespeare papers' authenticity persisted for months—until William-Henry confessed, to the astonishment of many, that he had written them himself.

Unable to face his father, he told his sisters, his mother and ultimately an antiquarian friend of his father's. When they told Samuel, he refused to believe that his simple-minded son was capable of such a literary achievement.

William-Henry, infuriated, moved out of his father's house and, in a letter, dared him to offer a reward "to anyone that will come forward & swear he furnish'd me even with a single thought throughout the papers." If the papers' author deserved credit for showing any spark of genius, he continued, "I Sir YOUR SON am that person."

Samuel Ireland went to his grave four years later maintaining that the Shakespeare papers were genuine. William-Henry struggled to support himself by selling handwritten copies of them. He was considered a minor when he committed his literary deception, and he had not profited in any significant way from his escapade, so he was never hauled into court. Naively, he'd expected praise for his brilliance once he revealed his authorship. Instead, he was pilloried. One writer called for him to be hanged. William-Henry attributed his critics' venom to embarrassment. "I was a boy," he wrote in 1805, "consequently, they were deceived by a boy." What could be more humiliating? Eventually, he wrote several books of poetry and a string of gothic novels, some published, some not. His notoriety as "Shakespeare" Ireland helped win his books attention.

William-Henry never expressed contrition for his escapade. Rather, he was proud of it. How many English boys had known the exhilaration of being likened to a god? For all the social snubs, the money troubles and the literary rejections he endured before dying, in 1835, at age 59, he would always console himself with the thought that once, for a glorious year and a half, he had been William Shakespeare.

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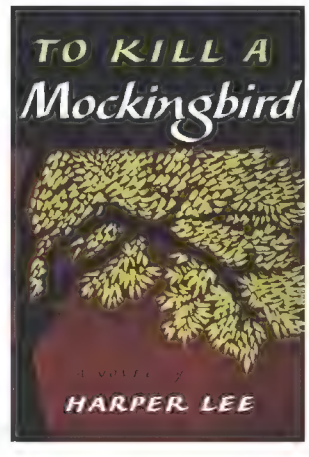
Novel Achievement

To Kill a Mockingbird, published 50 summers ago, still speaks to millions of readers. But its author, Harper Lee, maintains a determined silence

BY CHARLES LEERHSEN

TO SPEND AN HOUR in Monroeville, Alabama, is to know why Harper Lee, the author of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, ranks as one of the crankiest writers on the planet. Strongly inclined to put aside the hype and hoopla and let literature speak for itself, Lee, the best-known native of the town (pop. 6,372) that served as the model for her novel's Maycomb, has found herself living a short drive from one restaurant called the Mockingbird Grill and another named Radley's Fountain, after Boo Radley, the character in *Mockingbird* who might be voted Least Likely to Become a Restaurateur. That would be a mere T-shirt's toss from a gift shop peddling *Mockingbird* hats, tote bags, necklaces, Christmas ornaments, refrigerator magnets, wrist bands (inscribed "I see it, Scout, I see it!") and paper fans. The gift shop is in the venerable courthouse where as a child Lee watched her father practice law, and which she later rendered so vividly in her book. The courthouse has long since been turned into a *Mockingbird* museum, to the delight of a constant stream of camera-toting tourists, foreign and domestic. I sympathize with Lee, who has steadfastly refused to take part in the merchandising of her most famous accomplishment. Life can't be easy when everything you hate about success stands between you and the Piggly Wiggly.



This could be an especially maddening season for the 84-year-old au-

The success of the book (left: the first edition) overwhelmed its author (above: in the Monroeville courthouse in 1961).

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As Atticus Finch in the 1962 film, Gregory Peck (with Mary Badham as Scout) won an Oscar for best actor.

thor, given that 2010 marks the 50th year since *To Kill a Mockingbird* was published, and we all know how the media love anniversaries. Witness this very article, for example, though believe me no novelists were annoyed during its production. After what I had heard about her, I was too scared to knock on the door of her residence of record, a neat brick, reportedly book-lined house she shared with her older sister Alice, or even to request an interview through the closest thing there are to proper channels. I should also disclose at this juncture that I am working under the influence of Inspirational Writer's Water, purchased at the gift shop described above.

Lee relied on perspiration as much as inspiration during the drawn-out creation of the book that, when it finally appeared on July 11, 1960, changed her life instantly and forever. Translated into more than 40 languages, *Mockingbird* has sold over 30 million copies; with help from the anniversary hullabaloo, HarperCollins (the book was originally published by the now-defunct Lippincott) will probably sell at least a million more this year, mostly to high schools and junior high schools, where it has been a staple of reading lists since it won the Pulitzer Prize for

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"I'm not like Thomas Wolfe," Lee (with President George W. Bush and the Medal of Freedom) said. "I can go home again."

fiction in 1961. The 1962 movie version, starring Gregory Peck, won three Oscars, yet somehow that earnest black-and-white film never trumped the three-dimensional chiaroscuro *Mockingbird* that shimmers in peoples' imaginations after they experience Lee's work on the printed page. Indeed, many say the story of Scout Finch; her lawyer father, Atticus; her brother, Jem; their neighbor Dill; and the ill-fated Tom Robinson is their all-time favorite novel. In surveys asking what one book every civilized person should read, *Mockingbird* routinely finishes second to the Bible, and in one (if I may go a bit Maycomb on you here) it up and finished first.

Readers have been living with the book for so long that they may not realize how profoundly odd this is. *Mockingbird* is hardly a marketer's or publicist's dream, and could easily have been dismissed as a downer. Set in the "tired old town" of Maycomb, in the unglamorous era of the Great Depression, it tells the story of a widower attorney who tries in vain to defend a black laborer from a wrongful charge of rape. It's pretty clear at the outset that Tom Robinson's word won't be taken over that of the unstable white incest victim who accuses him. And . . . guess what? It isn't. That mad-

LARRY DOWNING / REUTERS

dening miscarriage of justice is not even the worst thing that happens to Robinson in the book. Like life itself, *Mockingbird* has no neat, symmetrical story arc, allowing obstacles to be introduced and then overcome before the ending. (That may be one reason the movie's producer, Alan J. Pakula, said there was no studio stampede to acquire film rights.) The other thing *Mockingbird* lacks is what salespeople might call synergistic potential: it has no series mates, or even a sequel, that can help turn a book into a brand. There is no *To Kill a Cockatiel* or *Valley of the Dills* or *Am I Boo? Mockingbird* is Harper Lee's one and only published book.

Lee has never discussed her output, or lack of one, publicly. Not since the mid-'60s has she said anything for the record about her career. "My book had a universal theme," she told the Birmingham *Post-Herald* in 1962. "It's not a 'racial' novel. It portrays an aspect of civilization, not necessarily Southern civilization."

But don't call her a recluse. Miss Nelle, as she's known around town (she went with her middle name on the dust jacket because she didn't want Yankees to elide Nelle Lee into "Nellie"), is that tallish woman with closely cropped white hair who over the years you could see in the aisles of the grocery store or having coffee at Hardees, often in the company of Alice, who also never married. (Lee is rumored to have had a slight stroke in 2008.) They were living comfortably but not extravagantly a short walk from the site of the modest wood-frame house where she, and the book's narrator, Scout, were raised. (In its place now is an ice-cream stand known, surprisingly, as Mel's Dairy Dream, and not *To Chill a Mockingbird*.) She would play golf and, occasionally, fish. ("I'm not like Thomas Wolfe," Lee said in a 1961 *Life* magazine interview. "I can go home again.") During the summer, when she would migrate to New York City, she would go to museums and the theater and root for the Mets, the natural choice for someone with an underdog thing as big as the Ritz. In 2007, Lee went to the White House to accept the Presidential Medal

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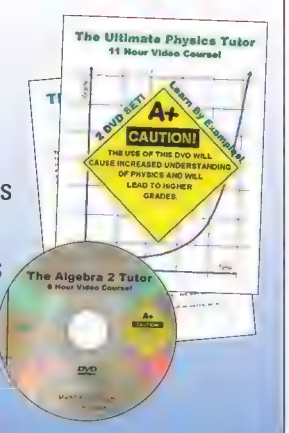
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of Freedom, America's highest civilian honor, from President George W. Bush (and said nothing that was reported). She has a quick and easy smile for those who respect her privacy. But reporters who request an interview through 98-year-old Alice, a sneaker-wearing attorney at the family firm and her sister's semiofficial gatekeeper, can expect a polite but ironclad refusal. ("Hell no," Lee herself once wrote in reply to a scribe's request.)

It was not always thus. At first, perhaps buoyed by the mostly rave reviews and strong sales, Lee talked to almost anyone with a pad or microphone, saying that Atticus only superficially resembled her beloved father, A.C. ("one of the few men I've known who has genuine humility") and the trial in her novel "was a composite of all the trials in the world" (as opposed to, say, a gloss on the Scottsboro Boys' trial, as has been widely supposed). The questions, though, tended to be repetitive, annoyingly so. Journalists seemed obsessed with determining the degree to which the novel was autobiographical. Lee tended to say that her characters were basically fictional, but her biography does seem more ambiguous. After all, she had been a tomboy like Scout, with an older brother like Jem. A Boo Radleyish character lived just down her street. Dill, meanwhile, closely resembled the young Truman Capote, who as a boy had spent summers at his cousin's house, next door to Lee's.

Once interviewers broached the subject of Capote, Lee might have braced herself for a question that would have been not just annoying but insulting: Wasn't it true that her pal Truman had written much of her book? Capote—always competitive, and, of course, a bit of a crackpot—didn't discourage the rumor, answering vaguely when asked about his contributions to her novel. The truth (as is evident from Capote's private correspondence) is that he did not write a word of *Mockingbird*, and that Lee, who assisted him as a reporter and researcher on *In Cold Blood*, contributed substantially more to Capote's 1966 blockbuster than he

"All I want to be is the Jane Austen of south Alabama," Lee said, only half-jokingly, after *Mockingbird* appeared.

ever admitted. Still, the rumor persists—to the point where it is addressed (and debunked) in one of the Monroeville museum's exhibits.

Another distasteful question was the inevitable two-parter about what she was doing next and when the world would see it. Soon after *Mockingbird* appeared, Lee said, only half-jokingly, "All I want to be is the Jane Austen of south Alabama," and she began work on a second Southern novel, but its progress was slow. This in itself was not surprising: *Mockingbird* had not exactly fallen fully formed from Lee's brain. She had turned out essays, humor pieces and short stories for campus publications during her one year at Huntingdon College in Montgomery and her years at the University of Alabama (where she studied law), but writing did not come easily to her. After she moved to New York City in 1949, she struggled for years with a hodgepodge of anecdotes about small-town Southern life, first called *Go Set a Watchman* and then *Atticus*. She received encouragement from an agent, Maurice Crain, and an editor, Lippincott's Tay Hohoff, who had seen the work-in-progress, but one night in 1957 she flung the unfinished manuscript out the window of her Manhattan cold-water flat. After a teary phone call to Hohoff, Lee charged down the stairs, recovered the forsaken pages—and then began a title-on-down revision that resulted in a book that would become a Literary Guild selection and Book of the Month Club alternate, and that the *New Yorker* would call "unpretentious

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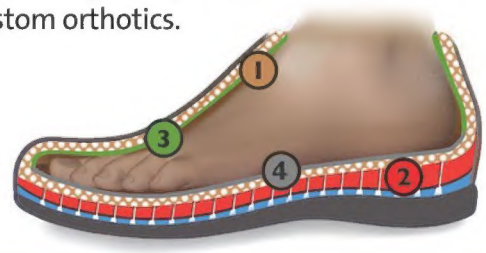

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and totally ingenious" and the *Chicago Tribune* would hail as "a novel of strong contemporary national significance."

Many years later, to a fan who engaged her in conversation in a fast-food restaurant in Monroeville, Lee would say straightforwardly that the success of *Mockingbird* "overwhelmed" her, making it impossible for her to write a follow-up book. She wrestled with that second novel for several years—and then one day Alice rather too calmly told a BBC interviewer that the manuscript had been stolen from their home and the project had been abandoned. (And Alice later told a *Chicago Tribune* reporter that the book never got beyond the conceptual stage.) In the mid-1980s Lee began researching a nonfiction book about an Alabama preacher suspected of being a serial killer, tentatively titled *The Reverend*. But she abandoned it, too, perhaps feeling that just as she could not out-Lee Lee she could not out-Capote Capote.

From this low point, however, Lee seems to have found her way to a place of relative peace. She did squawk a few years ago when the museum crossed a line in her mind and started selling a collection of recipes called *Calpurnia's Cookbook*, after the black housekeeper in the novel. (The book was withdrawn.) But it seems that Lee has come to accept that she will publish only one book, and to enjoy that she exceeded her expectations in doing so. "When you're at the top," she once told her cousin Dickie Williams, "there is only one way to go."

Lee will in all likelihood stand aside and let *Mockingbird*'s 50th anniversary happen. Truth be told, Monroeville is a charming place, where the palpable pride in its native daughter's achievement tends to make up for the occasional crassness. Besides, Monroevillians have been exploiting Lee's work for decades: when the movie came out in '62, Charles J. Shields reports in his biography *Mockingbird: A Portrait of Harper Lee* (2006), the local theater offered $10 to the first five people who showed up with live mockingbirds. Jane Ellen Clark, director of the Old Courthouse Museum, notes that pilgrims started flocking spontaneously

Tourists inspired by *Mockingbird* to visit Monroeville (above: [Boo] Radley's) don't lack for literary landmarks.

to Monroeville in 1960, as soon as the book was published. "All these people who said it was their favorite book would save up for the trip and find the town," she says. For thousands each year, "this was their vacation, and we created the museum because we wanted to give them something to see." Every spring since 1991, the town has staged a several-times-a-week theatrical production of *To Kill a Mockingbird* with local volunteer actors in the roles. Act I takes place on the town square, weather permitting, and Act II inside the courthouse. If the air conditioning isn't working, it can get steamy in that cavernous chamber, especially up in the "colored balcony" (as it was called in the '30s), where I saw last year's production. But if you've got a bottle of water, inspirational or otherwise, it makes for a uniquely American evening, right down to the realization that, as you're standing and applauding for the sometimes contradictory notions of small-town values and racial tolerance, Harper Lee would prefer to be a thousand miles to the north, cheering, "Let's Go, Mets!"

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Green Eggs and Salmonella?

Beware the hidden hazards lurking within popular children's books

BY ABIGAIL GREEN

"THESE STORIES are suffused with the same purity that makes children appear so marvelous and blessed," wrote Wilhelm Grimm in the preface to his volume of fairy tales. If true, then life in the 19th century was worse than I'd ever imagined. Reading these stories today is like sitting through a Quentin Tarantino movie. Have you ever added up the body count? One poor girl is transformed into a block of wood and thrown into a fire. A father risks his daughter's life by boasting she can weave straw into gold. An evil queen tries to off her stepdaughter with a poisoned apple.

I used to think we lived in more enlightened times. But as the mother of two young boys—and a nightly reader of bedtime stories—I've come to realize that many popular children's books are rife with malice and mayhem. Do you have any idea of the dangers that may lurk on your little ones' bookshelves?

Let's start with *Goodnight Moon*. Margaret Wise Brown's beloved bedtime tale is a veritable hotbed of child safety hazards. First of all, the child's—excuse me, bunny's—great green bedroom contains an open fireplace filled with dangerous tools like tongs and pokers. The bed has no side rails. And what about the grandmother—a careless caretaker if I ever saw one. Why, she leaves knitting needles unattended in a child's bedroom!

It's bad enough that in Robert McCloskey's award-winning *Blueberries for Sal*, the child eats unwashed produce. I shudder to think of her pesticide intake. But far more alarming is the mother's negligence in leaving the girl unattended on a hillside populated by bears. Little Sal and Little Bear get distracted and inadvertently follow each other's mothers. The mix-up is discovered, no harm is done and each party goes on its merry way. But the tale easily could have had a much different ending.

In McCloskey's *Make Way for Ducklings*, it's the father who neglects his family. Mr. Mallard leaves his poor wife to fend for herself with eight baby ducklings—in traffic-ridden downtown Boston, no less—while he takes off to explore the Charles River. Who knew that ducks could be deadbeat dads?

Speaking of inattentive parents, the *Good Dog, Carl* series by Alexandra Day depicts a Rottweiler caring for a baby while his mother runs errands. On Carl's watch, the baby rides on his back, swims in a fish tank and slides down a laundry chute. A Rottweiler as baby sitter? I won't even hire a human sitter unless she knows CPR and passes a background check!

Canines also romp through P. D. Eastman's *Go, Dog. Go!* At first glance, the book is a whimsical tale featuring dogs on roller skates and bicycles and skis. But when the dogs get into cars, there's not a seat belt in sight. Then the dogs all drive in separate vehicles to a big dog party in a tree. Have they never heard of carpooling? Even dogs need to consider their carbon pawprint.

In Dr. Seuss' *Green Eggs and Ham*, health concerns abound. Sam-I-am pushes discolored pork products on the protagonist, encouraging him to eat them with a mouse and a goat. There's no hand sanitizer in sight; I guess salmonella and swine flu are on the menu as well.

Even a picture book about cute bugs reveals insidious undertones. Eric Carle's *Very Hungry Caterpillar* binges on junk food, then starves himself to turn into a beautiful butterfly. As if our kids don't already have enough problems with body image.

Safety hazards, parental negligence, eating disorders . . . It almost makes me nostalgic for the attempted cannibalism in *Hansel and Gretel*.

ABIGAIL GREEN *is a freelance writer and blogger who lives in Baltimore, Maryland.*

ERIC PALMA